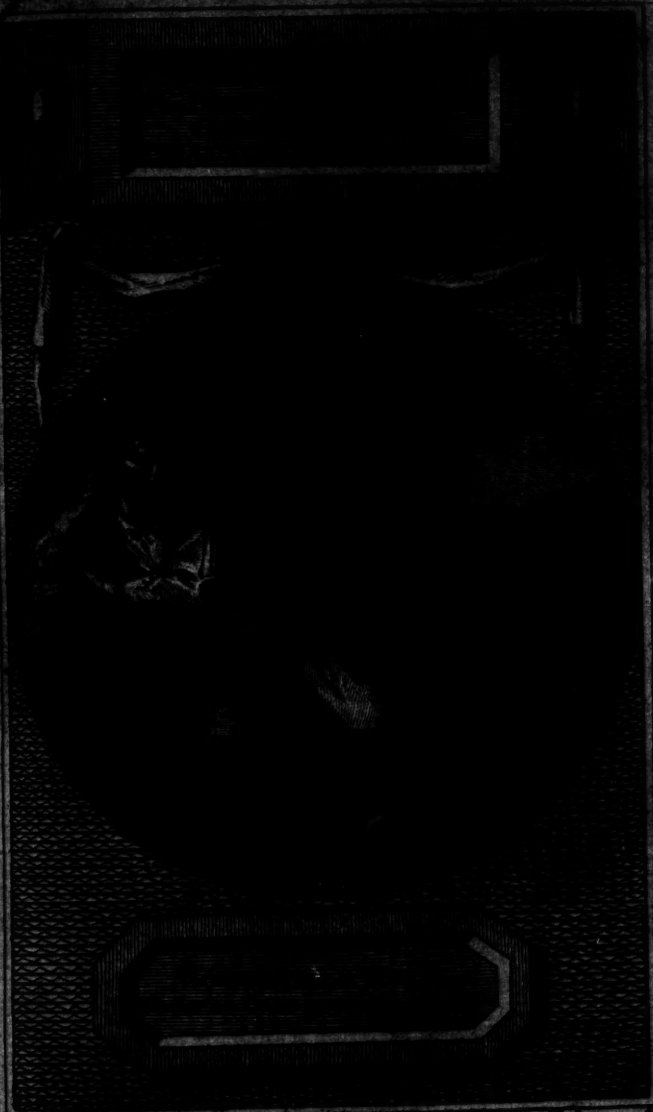




By J. J. Thompson
Printed for John Bell, at the British Library in the Strand Aug. 4. 1780.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILL. SOMERVILE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

For thee I quit the law's more rugged ways,
To pay my humble tribute to thy lays---
Wak'd by thy lines the horror'd flames I feel,
As flints give fire when aided by the steel---
Thy genius in such colours paints the Chase,
The real to fictitious joys give place.
When the wild music charms my ravish'd ear,
How dull, how tasteless, Handel's notes appear!
Ev'n Farinelli's self the palm resigns;
He yields---but to the music of thy lines---
They but a momentary joy impart;
'Tis you who touch the soul and warm the heart. TRACY.

VOL. II.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1780.

POETICAL WORKS

WILL. SOMERVILLE.

NO. 100-100000



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1957年10月

AT THE OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE ARMY

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SOMERVILE.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

EPISTLES,

SONGS,

FABLES,

TALES,

TRANSLATIONS,

IMITATIONS,

U. C. U. C.

Ye guardian Pow'rs! who make mankind your care,
Give me to know wise Nature's hidden depths,
Trace each mysterious cause, with judgment read
Th' expanded volume, and submit adore
That great creative Will who at a word
Spoke forth the wondrous scene---At least
Grant me, propitious, an inglorious life,
Calm and serene, nor lost in false pursuits
Of wealth or honours; but enough to raise
My drooping friends, preventing modest Want,
That dares not ask: and if, to crown my joys,
Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
Blooms in my life's decline, fields, woods, and streams,
Each tow'ring hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my cheering voice; my hounds shall wake
The lazy Morn, and glad th' horizon round.

CHASE.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1780.

EPISTLES.

TO MR. ADDISON,

Occasioned by his

PURCHASING AN ESTATE IN WARWICKSHIRE.

En erit unquam
Ille dies, mihi cum liceat tua dicere facta!
En erit, ut liceat totum mihi terre per orbem,
Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno!

VIRG.

To the gay Town, where guilty pleasure reigns,
The wise good man prefers our humble plains:
Neglected honours on his merit wait,
Here he retires when courted to be great,
The world resigning for this calm retreat.
His soul with wisdom's choicest treasures fraught,
Here proves in practice each sublimer thought,
And lives by rules his happy pen has taught.

Great Bard! how shall my worthless Muse aspire
To reach your praise without your sacred fire?
From the judicious critic's piercing eyes,
To the best-natur'd man secure she flies.

When panting Virtue her last efforts made,
You brought your Clio to the virgin's aid;

Presumptuous Folly blush'd, and Vice withdrew, 15
 To vengeance yielding her abandon'd crew.
 'Tis true, confed'rate wits their forces join,
 Parnassus labours in the work divine;
 Yet these we read with too impatient eyes,
 And hunt for you thro' ev'ry dark disguise; 20
 In vain your modesty that name conceals,
 Which ev'ry thought, which ev'ry word, reveals.
 With like success bright Beauty's goddess tries
 To veil immortal charms from mortal eyes;
 Her graceful port and her celestial mien 25
 To her brave son betray the Cyprian queen;
 Odours divine perfume her rosy breast,
 She glides along the plain in majesty confest.
 Hard was the task, and worthy your great mind,
 To please at once and to reform mankind: 30
 Yet when you write, Truth charms with such address,
 Pleads Virtue's cause with such becoming grace,
 His own fond heart the guilty wretch betrays,
 He yields delighted, and convinc'd obeys;
 You touch our follies with so nice a skill, 35
 Nature and habit prompt in vain to ill,
 Nor can it lessen the Spectator's praise,
 That from your friendly hand he wears the bays;
 His great design all ages shall commend,
 But more his happy choice in such a friend 40
 So the fair queen of Night the world relieves,
 Nor at the sun's superior honour grieves,
 Proud to reflect the glories she receives.

When dark oblivion is the warrior's lot,
 His merit censur'd and his wounds forgot;
 When burnish'd helms and gilded armour rust,
 And each proud trophy sinks in common dust,
 Fresh blooming honours deck the poet's brows,
 He shares the mighty blessings he bestows,
 His spreading fame enlarges as it flows,
 Had not your Muse in her immortal strain
 Describ'd the glorious toils on Blenheim's plain,
 Ev'n Marlborough's rough might have fought, and Dörner
 bled in vain.

When honour calls and the just cause inspires
 Britain's bold sons to emulate their fires,
 Your Muse these great examples shall supply,
 Like that to conquer, or like this to die.
 Contending nations ancient Homer claim,
 And Mantua glories in her Maro's name;
 Our happier soil the prize shall yield to none,
 Ardenna's groves shall boast an Addison,
 Ye Sylvan pow'rs, and all ye Rural gods,
 That guard these peaceful shades and bless'd abodes,
 For your new guest your choicest gifts prepare,
 Exceed his wishes, and prevent his pray'r,
 Grant him, propitious, freedom, health, and peace,
 And as his virtues let his stores increase,
 His lavish hand no deity shall mourn,
 The pious bard shall make a just return;
 In lasting verse eternal altars raise,
 And overpay your bounty with his praise.

Tune ev'ry reed, touch ev'ry string, ye Swains!
 Welcome the stranger to these happy plains;
 With hymns of joy in solemn pomp attend
 Apollo's darling and the Muses' friend.

Ye Nymphs! that haunt the streams and shady groves,
 Forget a while to mourn your absent loves;
 In song and sportive dance your joy proclaim,
 In yielding blushes own your rising flame:
 Be kind, ye Nymphs! nor let him sigh in vain. 80

Each land remote your curious eye has view'd
 That Grecian arts or Roman arms subdu'd;
 Search'd ev'ry region, ev'ry distant soil,
 With pleasing labour and instructive toil:
 Say then, accomplish'd Bard! what god inclin'd
 To these our humble plains your gen'rous mind?
 Nor would you deign in Latian fields to dwell,
 Which none know better, or describe so well.
 In vain ambrosial fruits invite your stay,
 In vain the myrtle groves obstruct your way,
 And ductile streams that round the borders stray.
 Your wiser choice prefers this spot of earth,
 Distinguish'd by th' immortal Shakespeare's birth;
 Where thro' the vales the fair Avon glides,
 And nourishes the glebe with fatt'ning tides;
 Flora's rich gifts deck all the verdant soil,
 And plenty crowns the happy farmer's toil.
 Here, on the painted borders of the flood,
 The babe was born, his bed with roses strow'd:

Here, in an ancient venerable dome,
 Oppress'd with grief, we view the poet's tomb; 106
 Angels unseen watch o'er his hallow'd urn,
 And in soft elegies complaining mourn;
 While the blest'd saint, in loftier strains, above
 Reveals the wonders of eternal love. 107
 The heav'ns, delighted in his tuneful lays,
 With silent joy attend their Maker's praise.
 In heav'n he sings; on earth your Muse supplies
 Th' important loss, and heals our weeping eyes.
 Correctly great, she melts each flinty heart
 With equal genius, but superior art. 110
 Hail, happy pain! ordain'd by turns to bless,
 And save a sinking nation in distress;
 By great examples to reform the crowd,
 Awake their zeal, and warm their frozen blood; 113
 When Brutus strikes for liberty and laws,
 Nor spares a father in his country's cause,
 Justice severe applauds the cruel deed,
 A tyrant suffers, and the world is freed; 116
 But when we see the godlike Cato bleed, 120
 The nation weeps; and from thy fate, oh, Rome!
 Learns to prevent her own impending doom.
 Where is the wretch a worthless life can prize,
 When senates are no more, and Cato dies?
 Indulgent sorrow and a pleasing pain
 Heaves in each breast, and beats in ev'ry vein. 124

Th' expiring patriot animates the crowd,
 Bold they demand their ancient rights aloud,
 The dear-bought purchase of their fathers' blood. }
 Fair Liberty her head majestic rears, 130
 Ten thousand blessings in her bosom bears;
 Serene she smiles, revealing all her charms,
 And calls her free-born youth to glorious arms.
 Faction's repell'd, and grumbling leaves her prey, }
 Forlorn she sits, and dreads the fatal day 135
 When eastern gales shall sweep her hopes away. }
 Such ardent zeal your Muse alone could raise,
 Alone reward it with immortal praise.
 Ages to come shall celebrate your fame,
 And rescu'd Britain bless the poet's name. 140
 So when the dreaded pow'rs of Sparta fail'd,
 Tyrtæus and Athenian wit prevail'd.
 Too weak the laws by wise Lycurgus made,
 And rules severe without the Muses' aid:
 He touch'd the trembling strings, the poet's song 145
 Reviv'd the faint, and made the feeble strong;
 Recall'd the living to the dusty plain,
 And to a better life restor'd the slain.
 The victor-host amaz'd, with horror view'd
 Th' assembling troops, and all the war renew'd; 150
 To more than mortal courage quit the field,
 And to their foes th' unfinish'd trophies yield. 152

TO DR. MACKENZIE.

O THOU! whose penetrating mind,
 Whose heart, benevolent and kind,
 Is ever present in distress,
 Glad to preserve, and proud to bless;
 Oh! leave not Arden's faithful grove,
 On Caledonian hills to rove;
 But hear our fond united pray'r,
 Nor force a county to despair.

Let homicides in Warwick Lane,
 With hecatombs of victims slain,
 Butcher for knighthood and for gain,
 While thou pursu'st a nobler aim,
 Declining interest for fame.
 Where'er thy Maker's image dwells,
 In gilded roofs or smoky cells,
 The same thy zeal; o'erjoy'd to save
 Thy fellow-creature from the grave;
 For well thy soul can understand
 The poor man's call is God's command;
 No frail, no transient good, his fee,
 But heav'n and bless'd eternity.
 Nor are thy labours here in vain,
 The pleasure overpays the pain.
 True happiness (if understood)
 Consists alone in doing good;

Speak, all ye wise! can God bestow,
 Or man a greater pleasure know?
 See where the grateful father bows; how
 His tears confess how much he owes!
 His son, the darling of his heart,
 Restor'd by your prevailing art;
 His house, his name, redeem'd by you,
 His ancient honours bloom anew!
 But, oh! what idioms can express
 The vast transcendent happiness
 The faithful husband feels, his wife,
 His better half, recall'd to life;
 See with what rapture! see him view
 The shatter'd frame rebuilt by you;
 See health rekindling in her eyes!
 See baffled Death give up his prize!
 Tell me, my friend, canst thou forbear,
 In this gay scene to claim a share?
 Does not thy blood more swiftly flow?
 Thy heart with secret transports glow?
 Health, life, by Heav'n's indulgence sent,
 And thou the glorious instrument!
 Safe in thy art, no ill we fear,
 Thy hand shall plant Elysium here;
 Pale Sickness shall thy triumph own,
 And ruddy Health exalt her throne,
 The fair, renew'd in all her charms,
 Shall fly to thy protecting arms,

With gracious smiles repay thy care,
 And leave her lovers in despair.
 While multitudes applaud and bless
 Their great asylum in distress,
 My humble Muse, among the crowd,
 Her joyful Paeans sings aloud.
 Could I but with Mæonian flight
 Sublimely soar thro' fields of light,
 Above the stars thy name should shine,
 Nor great Machaon's rival chine!
 But Father Phœbus, who has done
 So much for thee his fav'rite son,
 His other gifts on me bestows
 With partial hands, nor hears my vows;
 Oh! let a grateful heart supply
 What the penurious pow'r's deny!

69

TO A LADY,

WHO MADE ME A PRESENT OF A SILVER PEN.

FAIR-ONE! accept the thanks I owe,
 'Tis all a grateful heart can do.
 If e'er my soul the Muse inspire
 With raptures and poetic fire,
 Your kind munificence I'll praise,
 To you a thousand altars raise;
 Jove shall descend in golden rain,
 Or die a swan, but sing in vain.

Volume II.

B

Phœbus, the witty and the gay,
 Shall quit the chariot of the day,
 To bask in your superior ray.
 Your charms shall ev'ry god subdue,
 And ev'ry goddess envy you.
 Add this but to your bounty's store,
 This one great boon, I ask no more;
 O gracious Nymph! be kind as fair,
 Nor with disdain neglect my pray'r,
 So shall your goodness be confess'd,
 And I your slave entirely blest'd;
 This Pen no vulgar theme shall stain,
 The noblest pain your gift shall gain,
 To write to you, nor write in vain.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

*Who spent the night in tears, upon a report that her brother
 was to fight a duel the next morning.*

PASTORA weeps, let ev'ry lover mourn;
 Her grief is no less fatal than her scorn:
 Those shining orbs inflict an equal pain,
 O'erflown with tears, or pointed with disdain.
 When doubts and fears invade that tender breast,
 Where peace, and joy, and love, should ever rest,
 As flow'rs depriv'd of the sun's genial ray,
 Earthward we bend, and silently decay;

In spite of all philosophy can do
 Our hearts relent, the bursting torrents flow; 10
 We feel her pains, and propagate her woe.
 Each mournful Muse laments the weeping fair,
 The Graces all their comely tresses tear,
 Love drags his wings, and droops his little head,
 And Venus mourns, as for Adonis dead. 15
 Patience, dear Maid! nor without cause complain;
 O! lavish not those precious drops in vain:
 Under the shield of your prevailing charms
 Your happy brother lives secure from harms; 20
 Your bright resemblance all my rage disarms.
 Your influence unable to withstand,
 The conscious steel drops from my trembling hand;
 Low at your feet the guilty weapon lies,
 The foe repents, and the fond lover dies.
 Æneas thus by men and gods pursu'd,
 Feeble with wounds, desil'd with dust and blood, 25
 Beauty's bright goddess interpos'd her charms,
 And sav'd the hopes of Troy from Grecian arms. 30

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH THE ILIAD OF HOMER TRANSLATED.

Go, happy Volume! to the fair impart
 The secret wishes of a wounded heart:
 Kind Advocate! exert thy utmost zeal,
 Describe my passion, and my woes reveal.

Oft' shalt thou kiss that hand where roses bloom;
 And the white lily breathes its rich perfume;
 On thee her eyes shall shine, thy leaves employ
 Each faculty, and sooth her soul with joy.
 Watch the soft hour, when peaceful silence reigns,
 And Philomel alone like me complains;
 When envious prudes no longer haunt the fair,
 But end a day of calumny in pray'r;
 O'er Quarles or Bunyan nod, in dreams relent,
 Without disguise give all their passions vent,
 And mourn their wither'd charms, and youthful
 prime mispent.

Then by the waxen taper's glimm'ring light
 With thee the studious maid shall pass the night;
 Shall feel her heart beat quick in ev'ry page,
 And tremble at the stern Pelides' rage;
 With horror view the half-drawn blade appear,
 And the desponding tyrant pale with fear;
 To calm that soul untam'd, sage Nestor fails,
 And ev'n celestial wisdom scarce prevails.
 Then lead her to the margin of the main,
 And let her hear th' impatient chief complain;
 Toss'd with superior storms, on the bleak shores
 He lies, and louder than the billows roars.
 Next the dread scene unfold of war and blood,
 Hector in arms triumphant, Greece subdu'd;
 The partial gods who with their foes conspire,
 The dead, the dying, and the fleet on fire.

But tell, oh! tell the cause of all this woe,
 The fatal source from whence these mischiefs flow;
 Tell her 't was love deny'd the hero fir'd,
 Depriv'd of her whom most his heart desir'd;
 Not the dire vengeance of the thund'ring Jove
 Can match the boundless rage of injur'd love.
 Stop the fierce torrent, and its billows rise,
 Lay waste the shores, invade both earth and skies:
 Confine it not, but let it gently flow,
 It kindly cheers the smiling plains below,
 And everlasting sweets upon its borders grow.
 To Troy's proud walls the wond'ring maid convey,
 With pointed spires and golden turrets gay,
 The work of gods: thence let the fair behold
 The court of Priam, rich in gems and gold;
 His num'rous sons, his queen's majestic pride,
 Th' aspiring domes, th' apartments stretching wide,
 Where on their looms Sidonian virgins wrought,
 And weav'd the battles which their lovers fought.
 Here let her eyes survey those fatal charms,
 The beauteous prize that set the world in arms;
 Thro' gazing crowds, bright progeny of Jove,
 She walks, and ev'ry panting heart beats love:
 Ev'n sapless Age new blossoms at the sight,
 And views the fair destroyer with delight.
 Beauty's vast pow'r hence to the nymph make known,
 In Helen's triumphs let her read her own;

Nor blame her slaves, but lay the guilt on Fate;
 And pardon failings which her charms create.
 Rash Bard! forbear, nor let thy flatt'ring Muse
 With pleasing visions thy fond heart abuse;
 Vain are thy hopes presumptuous, vain thy pray'r,
 Bright is her image, and divinely fair;
 But, oh! the goddess in thy arms is fleeting air.
 So dreams th' ambitious man when rich Tokay
 Or Burgandy refines his vulgar clay;
 The white rod trembles in his potent hand,
 And crowds obsequious wait his high command;
 Upon his breast he views the radiant star,
 And gives the word around him, peace or war.
 In state he reigns, for one short busy night,
 But soon convinc'd by the next dawning light,
 Curses the fading joys that vanish from his sight.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

LADY ANNE COVENTRY,

Upon viewing her fine chimneypiece of shellwork.

THE greedy merchant ploughs the sea for gain,
 And rides exulting o'er the wat'ry plain,
 While howling tempests, from their rocky bed,
 Indignant break around his careful head.
 The royal fleet the liquid waste explores,
 And speaks in thunder to the trembling shores;

The voice of wrath awak'd the nations hear;
 The vanquish'd hope, and the proud victors fear;
 Those quit their chain, and these resign their palm;
 While Britain's lawful flag commands a calm.
 The curious sage nor gain nor fame pursues,
 With other eyes the boiling deep he views;
 Hangs o'er the cliff inquisitive to know
 The secret causes of its ebb and flow;
 Whence breathe the winds that ruffle its smooth face,
 Or rank in classes all the fishy race;
 From those enormous monsters of the main,
 Who in their world like other tyrants reign,
 To the poor cockle tribe, that humble band,
 Who cleave to rocks, or loiter on the strand;
 Yet ev'n their shells the forming hand divine
 Has, with distinguish'd lustre, taught to shine;
 What bright enamel band what various dyes;
 What lively tints delight our wond'ring eyes;
 Th' Almighty Painter glows in ev'ry line;
 How mean, alas! is Raphael's bold design;
 And Titian's colouring, if compar'd to thine!
 Justly Supreme! let us thy pow'r revere;
 Thou fill'st all space; all-beauteous ev'ry where;
 Thy rising sun with blushes paints the morn;
 Thy shining lamps the fate of night adorn;
 Thy flow'rs the meads, thy nodding trees the hills,
 The vales thy pastures green, and bubbling rills;

Thy coral gloves; thy robes; that amber weep;
 Deck all the gloomy mansions of the deep;
 Thy yellow sands distinct with golden ore,
 And these thy variegated shells the shore.
 To all thy works such grandeur hast thou lent,
 And such extravagance of ornament,
 For the false traitor man! this pomp and show,
 A scene so gay! for us poor worms below?
 No—for thy glory all these beauties rise,
 Yet may improve the good, instruct the wise.

You, Madam, sprung from Beaufort's royal line,
 Who, lost to courts, can in your closet shine,
 Best know to use each blessing he bestows,
 Best know to praise the power from whence it flows.
 Shells in your hand the Parian rock defy,
 Or agat, or Egyptian porphyry—
 More glossy they, their veins of brighter dye.
 See! where your rising pyramids aspire,
 Your guests surpris'd the shining pile admire!
 In future times, if some great Phidias rise,
 Whose chissel with his mistress Nature vies,
 Who, with superior skill, can lightly trace
 In the hard marble block the softest face;
 To crown this piece, so elegantly neat,
 Your well-wrought busto shall the whole complete;
 O'er your own work from age to age preside,
 Its author once, and then its greatest pride.

LETTER TO PHYLLIS. A OT

Tho' close immur'd, poor captive Maide,
Young Danaë play'd a wanton's party;
The gold that in her lap was laid,
Soon found a passage to her heart.

Ambitious Semele, beguil'd
By Juno's unrelenting hate,
Amid the bright destruction smil'd,
Enjoy'd her god, and dy'd in state.

The swan on Leda's whiter breast,
Artful deceiver! nestling lay;
With joy she clasp'd her downy guest,
Fond of a bird so soft and gay.

What boon can faithful merit share,
Where int'rest reigns, or pride, or show;
'Tis the rich banker wins the fair,
The garter'd knight, or feather'd beau.

No more my panting heart shall beat,
Nor Phyllis claim one parting groan;
Her tears, her vows, are all a cheat,
For woman loves herself alone.

TO A DISCARDED TOAST.

CELIA, confess 't is all in vain
To patch the ruins of thy face;
Nor of ill-natur'd time complain,
That robs it of each blooming grace.

If Love no more shall bend his bow,
Nor point his arrows from thine eye,
If no lac'd fop nor feather'd beau
Despairing at thy feet shall die;

Yet still, my Charmer! wit like thine
Shall triumph over age and fate;
Thy setting beams with lustre shine,
And rival their meridian height.

Beauty, fair flow'r! soon fades away,
And transient are the joys of love;
But wit and virtue ne'er decay;
Ador'd below and blest'd above.

TO ALLAN RAMSAY.

NEAR fair Avona's silver tide,
Whose waves in soft meanders glide,
I read, to the delighted swains,
Your jocund songs and rural strains.

Smooth as her streams your numbers flow,
 Your thoughts in vary'd beauties show,
 Like flow'rs that on her borders grow.
 While I survey, with ravish'd eyes,
 His friendly gift, my valu'd prize*,
 Where sister arts, with charms divine,
 In their full bloom and beauty shine,
 Alternately my soul is blest.
 Now I behold my welcome guest,
 That graceful, that engaging air,
 So dear to all the brave and fair.
 Nor has th' ingenious artist shown
 His outward lineaments alone,
 But in th' expressive draught design'd
 The nobler beauties of his mind,
 True friendship, love, benevolence,
 Unstudy'd wit, and manly sense.
 Then, as your book I wander o'er,
 And feast on the delicious store,
 (Like the laborious busy bee,
 Pleas'd with the sweet variety)
 With equal wonder and surprise
 I see resembling portraits rise.
 Brave archers march in bright array,
 In troops the vulgar line the way:
 Here the droll figures flily sneer,
 Or coxcombs at full length appear:

* Lord Somerville was pleas'd to send me his own picture, and Mr. Ramsay's Works. *Somerville.*

There woods and lawns, a rural scene,
 And swains that gambol on the green.
 Your pen can act the pencil's part
 With greater genius, fire, and art.

Believe me, Bard! no hunted hind
 That pants against the southern wind,
 And seeks the stream thro' unknown ways,
 No matron in her teeming days
 E'er felt such longings, such desires;
 As I to view those lofty spires,
 Those domes, where fair Edina shrouds
 Her tow'ring head amid the clouds.

But, oh! what dangers interpose!
 Vales deep with dirt, and hills with snows;
 Proud winter floods, with rapid force,
 Forbid the pleasing intercourse.

But sure we bards, whose parent clay
 Nature has mix'd with less alloy,
 Might soon find out an easier way.

Do not sage matrons mount on high,
 And switch their broomsticks thro' the sky,
 Ride post o'er hills, and woods, and seas,
 From Thulé to th' Hesperides?
 And yet the men of Gresham own

That this and stranger feats are done
 By a warm fancy's pow'r alone.

This granted, why can't you and I
 Stretch forth our wings and cleave the sky,

* The Scilly islands were so called by the Ancients.

Since our poetic brains, you know, 60
 Than theirs must more intensely glow;
 Did not the Theban swan take wing,
 Sublimely soar, and sweetly sing
 And do not we of humbler vein
 Sometimes attempt a loftier strain, 65
 Mount sheer out of the reader's sight,
 Obscurely lost in clouds and night;
 Then climb your Pegasus with speed,
 I'll meet thee on the banks of Tweed;
 Not as our fathers did of yore,
 To swell the flood with crimson gore;
 Like the Cadmean murd'ring brood,
 Each thirsting for his brother's blood,
 For now all hostile rage shall cease,
 Lull'd in the downy arms of Peace, 75
 Our honest hands and hearts shall join,
 O'er jovial banquets, sparkling wine;
 Let Peggy at thy elbow wait,
 And I shall bring my bonny Kate.
 But hold—oh! take a special care,
 T' admit no prying Kirkman there, 80
 I dread the Penitential Chair.
 What a strange figure should I make,
 A poor abandon'd English rake!
 A squire well-born, and six foot high,
 Perch'd in that sacred pillory! 85

Let Spleen and Zeal be banish'd thence,
 And troublesome Impertinence,
 That tells his story o'er again,
 Ill-manners and his saucy train;
 And Self-conceit, and stiff-rump'd Pride,
 That grin at all the world beside;
 Foul Scandal, with a load of lies,
 Intrigues, rencounters, prodigies;
 Fame's busy hawker, light as air,
 That feeds on frailties of the fair;
 Envy, Hypocrisy, Deceit,
 Fierce Party-rage, and warm Debate;
 And all the hell-hounds that are foes
 To friendship and the world's repose;
 But mirth instead, and dimpling smiles,
 And wit, that gloomy care beguiles;
 And joke, and pun, and merry tale,
 And toasts, that round the table sail:
 While laughter, bursting thro' the crowd,
 In volleys, tells our joys aloud.
 Hark! the shrill piper mounts on high,
 The woods, the streams, the rocks, reply
 To his far-sounding melody.
 Behold each lab'ring squeeze prepare
 Supplies of modulated air.
 Observe Croudero's active bow,
 His head still noddling to and fro,
 His eyes, his cheeks, with raptures glow.

See, see the bashful nymphs advance,
 To lead the regulated dance;
 Flying still, the swains pursuing,
 Yet with backward glances winking.
 This, this shall be the joyous scene;
 Nor wanton elves that skim the green
 Shall be so blest'd, so blithe, so gay,
 Or less regard what dotards say.
 My Rose shall then your Thistle greet,
 The Union shall be more complete,
 And in a bottle and a friend
 Each national dispute shall end.

TO ALLAN RAMSAY,

A SECOND VOLUME OF POEMS.

HAIL, Caledonian bard! whose rural strains
 Delight the list'ning hills, and cheer the plains!
 Already polish'd by some hand divine,
 Thy purest ore what furnace can refine?
 Careless of censure, like the sun, shine forth,
 In native lustre and intrinsic worth.
 To follow Nature is by rules to write;
 She led the way, and taught the Stagirite.
 From her the critic's taste, the poet's fire,
 Both drudge in vain till she from heav'n inspire.

By the same guide instructed how to soar,
Allan is now what Homer was before.

Ye chosen Youths! who dare like him aspire,
And touch with bolder hand the golden lyre;
Keep Nature still in view; on her intent, 15
Climb by her aid the dang'rous steep ascent
To lasting fame. Perhaps a little art
Is needful to plane o'er some rugged part;
But the most labour'd elegance and care
T' arrive at full perfection must despair. 20
Alter, blot out, and write all o'er again;
Alas! some venial sins will yet remain.

Indulgence is to human frailty due;
Ev'n Pope has faults, and Addison a few;
But those, like mists that cloud the morning ray, 25
Are lost, and vanish in the blaze of day.

Tho' some intruding pimple find a place
Amid the glories of Clarinda's face,
We still love on, with equal zeal adore,
Nor think her less a goddess than before. 30

Slight wounds in no disgraceful scars shall end,
Heal'd by the balm of some good-natur'd friend;
In vain shall canker'd Zoilus assail,

While Spence presides, and Candour holds the scale.
His gen'rous breast nor envy sours nor spite, 35

Taught by his founder's motto how to write,

* William of Wykeham, "Manners maketh man."

Good-manner guides his pen. Learn'd without pride,
 In dubious points not forward to decide,
 If here and there uncommon beauties rise,
 From flow'r to flow'r he roves with glad surprise: 40
 In failings no malignant pleasure takes,
 Nor rudely triumphs over small mistakes:
 No nauseous praise, no biting taunts, offends;
 W^e expect a censor, and we find a friend.
 Poets, improv'd by his correcting care,
 Shall face their foes with more undaunted air;
 Stripp'd of their rags, shall like Ulysses shine,
 With more heroic port and grace divine.
 No pomp of learning, and no fund of sense,
 Can e'er atone for lost benevolence. 50

May Wykeham's sons, who in each art excel,
 And rival ancient bards in writing well,
 While from their bright examples taught they sing,
 And emulate their flights with bolder wing,
 From their own frailties learn the humbler part, 55
 Mildly to judge in gentleness of heart.
 Such critics, Ramsay! jealous for our fame,
 Will not with malice insolently blame,
 But lur'd by praise the haggard Muse reclaim;
 Retouch each line till all is just and neat, 60
 A whole of proper parts, a work almost complete!

So when someauteous dame, a reigning toast,
 The flow'r of Forth and proud Edin's boast,

Cor. babbington. C. iii.

Stands at her toilette in her tartan plaid,
 In all her richest head-geer trimly clad;
 The curious handmaid, with observant eye,
 Corrects the swelling hoop that hangs awry;
 Thro' ev'ry plait her busy fingers rove,
 And now she plies below, and then above;
 With pleasing tattle entertains the fair,
 Each ribbon smooths, adjusts each rambling hair,
 Till the gay nymph in her full lustre shine,
 And Homer's Juno was not half so fine.

TO THE AUTHOR OF

THE ESSAY ON MAN.

WAS ever work to such perfection wrought?
 How elegant the diction! pure the thought!
 Not sparingly adorn'd with scatter'd rays,
 But one bright beauty, one collected blaze;
 So breaks the day upon the shades of night,
 Enliv'ning all with one unbounded light.
 To humble man's proud heart thy great design;
 But who can read this wondrous work divine,
 So justly plann'd, and so politely writ,
 And not be proud, and boast of human wit?
 Yet just to thee, and to thy precepts true,
 Let us know man, and give to God his due;
 His image we, but mix'd with coarse alloy,
 Our happiness to love, adore, obey;

To praise him for each gracious boon bestow'd, 15
 For this thy work, for every lesser good,
 With prostrate hearts before his throne to fall,
 And own the great Creator all in all.

The Muse, which should instruct, now entertains,
 On trifling subjects, in enervate strains;
 Be it thy task to set the wand'rer right,
 Point out her way in her aerial flight;
 Her noble mien, her honours lost, restore,
 And bid her deeply think, and proudly soar.
 Thy theme sublime, and easy verse, will prove
 Her high descent, and mission from above.

Let others now translate; thy abler pen
 Shall vindicate the ways of God to men;
 In virtue's cause shall gloriously prevail,
 When the bench frowns in vain and pulpits fail.
 Made wise by thee, whose happy style conveys
 The purest morals in the softest lays;
 As angels once, so now we mortals bold
 Shall climb the ladder Jacob view'd of old;
 Thy kind reforming Muse shall lead the way
 To the bright regions of eternal day. 36

TO MR. THOMSON,

ON THE FIRST EDITION OF HIS SEASONS.

So bright, so dark, upon an April day,
 The sun darts forth, or hides his various ray;
 So high, so low, the lark aspiring sings,
 Or drops to earth again with folded wings;
 So smooth, so rough, the sea that laves our shores,
 Smiles in a calm, or in a tempest roars.
 Believe me, Thomson, 't is not thus I write,
 Severely kind, by envy sour'd or spite;
 Nor would I rob thy brows to grace my own;
 Such arts are to my honest soul unknown.
 I read thee over as a friend should read,
 Grief'd when you fail, o'erjoy'd when you succeed.
 Why should thy Muse, born so divinely fair,
 Want the reforming toilette's daily care?
 Dress the gay maid, improve each native grace,
 And call forth all the glories of her face:
 Studiously plain, and elegantly clean,
 With unaffected speech and easy mien,
 Th' accomplish'd nymph, in all her best attire,
 Courts shall applaud, and prostrate crowds admire.
 Discreetly daring, with a stiffen'd rein,
 Firm in thy seat, the flying steed restrain.
 Tho' few thy faults, who can perfection boast?
 Spots in the sun are in his lustre lost;

Yet ev'n those spots expunge with patient care, 25
Nor fondly the minutest error spare;

For kind and wise the parent who reproves
The slightest blemish in the child he loves.

Read Philips much, consider Milton more;

But from their dross extract the purer ore. 30

To coin new words, or to restore the old,

In southern bards is dangerous and bold,

But rarely, very rarely, will succeed,

When minted on the other side of Tweed.

Let perspicuity o'er all preside. 35

Soon shalt thou be the nation's joy and pride.

The rhyming, jingling tribe, with bells and song,

Who drive their limping Pegasus along,

Shall learn from thee in bolder flights to rise,

To scorn the beaten road, and range the skies. 40

A genius so refin'd, so just, so great,

In Britain's isle shall fix the Muses' seat,

And new Parnassus shall at home create:

Rules from thy works each future bard shall draw,

Thy works, above the critic's nicer law,

And rich in brilliant gems without a flaw. 46

Upon his works immortal claims below

And 'twere a sin that method to improve

Which Heaven has fix'd by laws none from above

My humble Muse in calm retirement loves

Her mossy fountain and her shady grove;

From all the noisy haunts of men she flies

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE EARL OF HALIFAX,

WITH THE FABLE OF THE TWO SPRINGS.

O HALIFAX! a name for ever dear,
 To Phœbus, and which all the Nine reverse,
 Accept this humble pledge of my esteem;
 So justly thine, benevolence my theme.
 In mystic tales and parables, of old,
 Grave Eastern seers instructive lessons told;
 Wise Greece from them receiv'd the happy plan,
 And taught the brute to pedagogue the man.
 The matron Truth appears with better grace,
 When well-wrought fables veil her rev'rend face:
 Dry precept may instruct, but can't delight,
 While pleasing fictions all our pow'rs excite.
 Our busy minds each faculty employ,
 And range around, and start their game with joy;
 Pleas'd with the chase, make the rich prey their own,
 And glory in the conquests they have won.
 Fable alone can crown the poet's brow;
 Upon his works immortal charms bestow;
 And 't were a sin that method to disprove
 Which Heav'n has fix'd by sanctions from above.
 My humble Muse in calm retirement roves
 Near mossy fountains and near shady groves;

Yet there, ev'n there, her loyal hands would raise
 Some rural trophy to her monarch's praise;
 Instruct those fountains and those groves to show
 What copious blessings from his bounty flow;
 While flow'rs and shrubs bless his propitious aid,
 His urn refreshing or protecting shade.
 Great friend of human-kind! thy pious hand
 Nor wounds to kill, nor conquers to command. 30
 Let haughty tyrants of false glory dream,
 Without remorse pursue the bloody scheme;
 To fame forbidden tread the lawless way,
 And o'er the ravag'd world extend their sway: 34
 'Tis thine, great George! to guard thy fav'rite Isle
 From open force and ev'ry secret wile;
 To raise th' oppress'd, to make the captives smile;
 To pay just Heav'n what righteous monarchs owe,
 And, like that Heav'n, to bless the world below;
 To build new temples, to repair the old, 40
 To bring the straggling sheep into the fold,
 And by wise laws restore an Age of Gold.
 Ye blissful seats where Thame and Isis join!
 Lovely retirement of the sacred Nine!
 Parent of arts, and once my sweet abode, 45
 Can ye forget the blessings he bestow'd?
 Can sophistry prevail against that prince
 Whose mercy and beneficence convince?
 Oh! touch each tuneful string, let ev'ry Muse
 From all her stores her noblest Pæans chuse; 50

Pay what she can in tributary lays,
 And to his virtue grant supplies of praise.
 To all the world your grateful hearts make known,
 And in your monarch's fame record your own:
 His fame—which Envy's breath can never blast,
 But ages yet to come shall join the past,
 And Brunswick's glory with the world shall last.

TO DR. M——

READING MATHEMATICS.

VAIN our pursuits of knowledge, vain our care;
 The cost and labour we may justly spare:
 Death from this coarse alloy refines the mind,
 Leaves us at large t'expatiate unconfin'd;
 All science opens to our wond'ring eyes,
 And the good man is in a moment wise.

SONGS.

SONG.

I.

As o'er Asteria's fields I rove,
The blissful seat of peace and love,
Ten thousand beauties round me rise,
And mingle pleasure with surprise,
By Nature bless'd in ev'ry part,
Adorn'd with ev'ry grace of art,
This paradise of blooming joys
Each raptur'd sense at once employs.

II.

But when I view the radiant queen
Who form'd this fair enchanting scene, 10
Pardon, ye Grotts! ye crystal Floods!
Ye breathing Flow'rs! ye shady Woods!
Your coolness now no more invites;
No more your murm'ring stream delights;
Your sweets decay, your verdure's flown;
My soul's intent on her alone. 16

 PARAPHRASE UPON A FRENCH SONG.

 Venge moi d'une ingrante maltresse,
 Dieu du vin, j'implore bon yvresse.

KIND relief in all my pain,
 Jolly Bacchus! hear my pray'r,
 Vengeance on th' ungrateful fair!
 In thy smiling cordial bowl
 Drown the sorrows of my soul;
 All thy deity employ,
 Bide each gloomy thought with joy.
 Jolly Bacchus! save, oh! save
 From the deep devouring grave
 A poor despairing dying swain. 10
 Hasten away,
 Hasten away,
 Lash thy tigers, do not stay;
 I'm undone if thou delay:
 If I view those eyes once more,
 Still shall love and still adore, 15
 And be more wretched than before.
 See the glory round her face!
 See her move!
 With what a grace! — 20
 Ye Gods above!
 Is she not one of your immortal race? —
 Fly, ye winged Cupids! fly,
 Dart like lightning thro' the sky:

Would ye in marble temples dwell;
 The dear one to my arms compel;
 Bring her in bands of myrtle ty'd;
 Bid her forget, and bid her hide
 All her scorn and all her pride.

Would ye that your slave repay
 A smoking hecatomb each day?
 O restore
 The beautiful goddess I adore!
 O restore, with all her charms,
 The faithless vagrant to my arms!

SONG FOR THE LUTE.

GENTLY, my Lute! move ev'ry string,
 Soft as my sighs reveal my pain,
 While I, in plaintive numbers, sing
 Of slighted vows and cold disdain!
 In vain her airs, in vain her art,
 In vain she frowns, when I appear;
 Thy notes shall melt her frozen heart;
 She cannot hate if she can hear.
 And see, she smiles! thro' all the groves
 Triumphant Ið-Pæans sound:
 Clap all your wings, ye little Loves!
 Ye sportive Graces! dance around!

Ye list'ning Oaks! bend to my song;
 Not Orpheus play'd a nobler lay:
 Ye Savages! about me throng;
 Ye Rocks! and harder hearts! obey.

She comes, she comes, relenting fair!
 To fill with joy my longing arms;
 What faithful lover can despair
 Who thus with verse and music charms?

A DAINY NEW BALLAD,

*Occasioned by a clergyman's widow of seventy years of age
 being married to a young exciseman.*

THERE liv'd in our good town
 A relict of the gown,
 A chaste and humble dame,
 Who, when her man of God
 Was cold as any clod,
 Dropp'd many a tear in vain.

But now, good people! learn all,
 No grief can be eternal;
 Nor is it meet, between,
 That folks should always whimper;
 There is a time to simper,
 As quickly shall be seen.

For Love, that little urchin,
 About this widow lurching,
 Had slyly fix'd his dart;
 The silent creeping flame
 Boil'd fore in ev'ry vein,
 And glow'd about her heart.

So when a pipe we smoke,
 And from a flint provoke
 The sparks that twinkling play,
 The touchwood old and dry
 With heat begins to fry,
 And gently wastes away.

With art she patch'd up nature,
 Reforming ev'ry feature,
 Restoring ev'ry grace:
 To gratify her pride,
 She stopp'd each cranny wide,
 And painted o'er her face.

Nor red nor eke the white,
 Was wanting to invite,
 Nor coral lips that pout;
 But, oh! in vain she tries,
 With darts to arm those eyes
 That dimly squint about.

With order and with care
 Her pyramid of hair
 Sublimely mounts the sky;
 And, that she might prevail,
 She bolster'd up her tail,
 With rumps three stories high.

With many a rich perfume
 She purify'd her room,
 As there was need, no doubt;
 For on these warm occasions
 Offensive exhalations
 Are apt to fly about.

On beds of roses lying,
 Expecting, wishing, dying,
 Thus languish'd for her love
 The Cyprian queen of old,
 As merry bards have told,
 All in a myrtle grove.

In pale of mother church
 She fondly hop'd to lurch,
 But, ay me! hop'd in vain;
 No doctor could be found
 Who this her case profound
 Durst venture to explain.

At length a youth full smart,
 Who oft' by magic art
 Had div'd in many a hole;
 Or kilderkin, or tun,
 Or hoghead, 't was all one;
 He 'd sound it with his pole.

65

His art, and eke his face,
 So suited to her case,
 Engag'd her love-sick heart;
 Quoth she, " My pretty Diver,
 " With thee I'll live for ever,
 " And from thee never part.
 " For thee my bloom reviving,
 " For thee fresh charms arising,
 " Shall melt thee into joy;
 " Nor doubt, my pretty Sweeting!
 " Ere nine months are completing
 " To see a bonny boy."

70

75

As ye have seen, no doubt,
 A candle when just out;
 In flames break forth agen;
 So shone this widow bright,
 All blazing in despight
 Of threescore years and ten.

84

CANIDIA'S EPITHALAMIUM.

UPON THE SAME.

TIME, as malevolent as old,

To blast Canidia's face,
(Which once 't was rapture to behold)
With wrinkles and disgrace.

Not so in blooming beauty bright,

Each envying virgin's pattern;
She reign'd with undisputed right

A priestess of St. Catterin

Each sprightly soph, each brawny thum,

Spent his first runnings here;

And hoary doctors dribbling come,

To languish and despair.

Low at her feet the prostrate Arts

Their humble homage pay;

To her, the tyrant of their hearts,

Each bard directs his lay.

She was bar-keeper at the Cattern-wheel in Oxford.

But now, when impotent to please,
 Alas! she would be doing;
 Reversing Nature's wise decrees,
 She goes herself a-wooing.

Tho' brib'd with all her pelf, the swain
 Most awkwardly complies;
 Press'd to bear arms he serves in pain,
 Or from his colours flies.

So does an ivy, green when old,
 And sprouting in decay,
 In juiceless joyless arms infold
 A sapling young and gay.

The thriving plant, if better join'd,
 Would emulate the skies;
 But to that wither'd trunk confin'd
 Grows sickly, pines, and dies.

Try, handmen! all the stakes, spread all the plain;
 Now, now, the sown away
 Strip, strip, with speed pursue;
 The joyful god of harvest
 Who turn our poor world view
 See, see, he sows his fiery seeds in vain.

HUNTING SONG.

BEHOLD, my friend! the rosy-finger'd Morn
 With blushes on her face,
 Peeps o'er yon' azure hill;
 Rich gems the trees enshafe,
 Pearls from each bush distil;
 Arise, arise, and hail the light new-born.
 Hark! hark! the merry horn calls, Come away:
 Quit, quit thy downy bed;
 Break from Amynta's arms;
 Oh! let it ne'er be said
 That all, that all her charms,
 Tho' she's as Venus fair, can tempt thy stay.

Perplex thy soul no more with cares below,
 For what will self avail?
 Thy courser paws the ground,
 Each beagle cocks his tail,
 They spend their mouths around,
 While health and pleasure smiles on ev'ry brow.

Try, huntsmen! all the brakes, spread all the plain;
 Now, now, she's gone away,
 Strip, strip, with speed pursue;
 The jocund god of Day,
 Who fain our sport would view,
 See, see, he flogs his fiery steeds in vain.

Pour down, like a flood from the hills, brave boys!
 On the wings of the wind
 The merry beagles fly;
 Dull Sorrow lags behind;
 Ye shrill Echoes! reply;
 Catch each flying sound, and double our joys.

Ye Rocks, Woods, and Caves! our music repeat:
 The bright spheres thus above,
 A gay refulgent train,
 Harmoniously move,
 O'er yon' celestial plain
 Like us whirl along, in concert so sweet.

Now pufs threads the brakes, and heavily flies;
 At the head of the pack
 Old Fiddler bears the bell,
 Ev'ry foil he hunts back,
 And aloud rings her knell,
 Till, forc'd into view, she pants, and she dies!

In life's dull round thus we toil and we sweat;
 Diseases, grief, and pain,
 An implacable crew,
 While we double in vain,
 Unrelenting pursue,
 Till, quite hunted down, we yield with regret.

This moment is ours, come live while ye may;
 What 's decreed by dark Fate, the wings of the wind;
 Is not in our own pow'r;
 Since to-morrow 's too late, the wings of the wind;
 Take the present kind hour;
 With wine cheer the night, as sports bless the day.

FABLES.

FABLE I.

THE CAPTIVE TRUMPETER.

—Quo non præstantior alter
Hæc clere viros, Martemque accendere cantu.

VIRG.

A PARTY of hussars of late

For prog and plunder scour'd the plains,
Some French Gens d'Armes surpris'd and beat,
And brought their Trumpeter in chains.

In doleful plight, th' unhappy bard
For quarter begg'd on bended knee,
"Pity, Messieurs! in truth 't is hard
"To kill a harmless enemy.
"These hands, of slaughter innocent;
"Ne'er brandish'd the destructive sword;
"To you or yours no hurt I meant;
"O! take a poor musician's word."
"But the stern foe; with gen'rous rage,
"Scoundrel!" reply'd, "thou first shalt die,
"Who urging others to engage,
"From fame and danger basely fly."

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E

"The brave by law of arms we spare,
 "Thou by the hangman shalt expire;
 "'Tis just, and not at all severe,
 "To stop the breath that blew the fire."

20

FABLE II.

THE BALD-PATED WELSHMAN AND THE FLY.

Qui non moderabitur iram,
 Dum penas odio per vim festinat insulto.

HOR.

A SQUIRE of Wales, whose blood ran higher
 Than that of any other squire,
 Hasty and hot, whose peevish humour
 Reveng'd each slight was put upon her,
 Upon a mountain's top one day
 Expos'd to Sol's meridian ray
 He fum'd, he rav'd, he curs'd, he swore,
 Exhal'd a sea at every pore,
 At last, such insults to evade,
 Sought the next tree's protecting shade,
 Where, as he lay dissolv'd in sweat,
 And wip'd off many a rivulet,
 Off in a pet the beaver flies,
 And flaxen wig, time's best disguise,

By which folks of maturer ages
 Vie with smooth beaus and ladies' pages;
 Tho' 't was a secret rarely known,
 Ill-natur'd Age had cropp'd his crown;
 Grubb'd all the covert up, and now
 A large smooth plain extends his brow.
 Thus as he lay with numskull bair,
 And courted the refreshing air,
 New persecutions still appear,
 A noisy Fly offends his ear.
 Alas! what man of parts and sense
 Could bear such vile impertinence?
 Yet so discourteous is our fate,
 Fools always buzz about the great.
 This insect now, whose active spite
 Teas'd him with never-ceasing bite,
 With so much judgment play'd his part,
 He had him both in tierce and quart:
 In vain with open hands he tries
 To guard his ears, his nose, his eyes;
 For now at last, familiar grown,
 He perch'd upon his Worship's crown;
 With teeth and claws his skin he tore,
 And stuff'd himself with human gore:
 At last, in manners to excel,
 Untruss'd a point, some authors tell.
 But now what rhet'ric could assuage
 The furious squire, stark mad with rage?

Impatient at the foul disgrace,
 From insect of so mean a race,
 And plotting vengeance on his foe,
 With double fist he aims a blow:
 The nimble Fly escap'd by flight,
 And skipp'd from this unequal fight,
 Th' impending stroke with all its weight
 Fell on his own beloved pate.
 Thus much he gain'd by this advent'rous deed,
 He foul'd his fingers, and he broke his head.

MORAL.

Let senates hence learn to preserve their state,
 And scorn the fool, below their grave debate,
 Whoby th' unequal strife grows popular and great,
 Let him buzz on, with senseless rant and heat,
 The wise, the good; yet still 't is but a Fly,
 With puny foes the toil 's not worth the cost;
 Where nothing can be gain'd much may be lost;
 Let cranes and plegmies in mock war engage,
 A prey beneath the gen'rous eagle's rage;
 True honour o'er the clouds sublimely wings;
 Young Ammon scorns to run with less than kings.

FABLE III.

THE ANT AND THE FLY.

*Quem res plus nimio delectaverit secunda,
Mutatæ quærit.*

HOR.

THE careful Ant, that meanly fares,
And labours hardly to supply,
With wholesome cates and homely dainties,
His num'rous working family,
Upon a visit met one day
His cousin Fly, in all his pride,
A courtier insolent and gay,
By Goody Maggot near ally'd
The humble insect humbly bow'd,
And all his lowest congees paid,
Of an alliance wondrous proud
To such a huffing tearing blade
The haughty Fly look'd big, and swore,
He knew him not, nor whence he came;
Huff'd much, and with impatience bore
The scandal of so mean a claim.

"Friend Clodpate! know 't is not the mode

"At court to own such clowns as thee,

"Nor is it civil to intrude

"On Flies of rank and quality.

"I—who, in joy and indolence,

"Converse with monarchs and grandees,

"Regalling ev'ry nicer sense

"With olios, soups, and fricassees;

"Who kiss each beauty's balmy lip,

"Or gently buzz into her ear,

"About her snowy bosom skip,

"And sometimes creep the Lord knows where!"

The Ant, who could no longer bear

His cousin's insolence and pride,

Toss'd up his head, and with an air

Of conscious worth he thus reply'd:

"Vain insect! know the time will come

"When the court-sun no more shall shine,

"When frosts thy gaudy limbs benumb,

"And damps about thy wings shall twine;

"When some dark nasty hole shall hide

"And cover thy neglected head;

"When all this lofty swelling pride

"Shall burst, and shrink into a shade

"Take heed, lest Fortune change the scene

"Some of thy brethren I remember

"In June have mighty princes been

"But begg'd their bread before December."

MORAL.

This precious offspring of a t—d 45

Is first a pimp and then a lord;

Ambitious to be great, not good,

Forgets his own dear flesh and blood.

Blind Goddess! who delight'st in joke,

O! fix him on thy lowest spoke;

And since the scoundrel is so vain,

Reduce him to his filth again. 52

FABLE IV.

THE WOLF, THE FOX, AND THE APE.

Clodius accusat Mæchos, Catilina Cethegum.

JUV.

THE Wolf impeach'd the Fox of theft,

The Fox the charge deny'd;

To the grave Ape the case was left,

In justice to decide.

Wife Pug with comely buttocks sat,
 And nodded o'er the laws;
 Distinguish'd well thro' the debate,
 And thus adjudg'd the cause:
 "The goods are stole, but not from thee,
 "Two pickled rogues well met,
 "Thou shalt be hang'd for perjury,
 "He for an errant cheat."

MORAL.

Hang both, judicious brute, 't was bravely said,
 May villains always to their ruin plead;
 When knaves fall out, and spitefully accuse,
 There's nothing like the reconciling noose.
 O hemp! the noblest gift propitious Heaven
 To mortals with a bounteous hand has given,
 To stop malicious breath, to end debate,
 To prop the shaking throne, and purge the state.

THE WOLF, THE FOX, AND THE LAMB.

The Wolf impeach'd the Fox of theft,
 The Fox the charge deny'd;
 To the grave Ape that sat by,
 In justice to decide.

FABLE V.

THE DOG AND THE BEAR.

Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi,
Seditione, tollis, sedes, atque libidine et ira
Iliacos intra muros, peccatur, et extra.

HOR.

TOWSER, of right Hockleian fire,
A dog of mettle and of fire,
With Urfin grim, an errant Bear,
Maintain'd a long and dubious war:
Oft' Urfin on his back was toll,
And Towser many a collop lost;
Capricious Fortune would declare
Now for the Dog, then for the Bear.
Thus having try'd their courage fairly,
Brave Urfin first desir'd a parely. 10
"Stout combatant," quoth he, "whose might
I've felt in many a bloody fight,
Tell me the cause of all this pother;
"And why we worry one another?"
"That's a moot point," the cur reply'd, 15
"Our masters only can decide.
"While thou and I our heart's blood spill,
"They prudently their pockets fill;
"Halloo us on with all their might,
"To turn a penny by the fight." 20

"If that 's the case," return'd the Bear,

"'Tis time at last to end the war;

"Thou keep thy teeth, and I my claws,

"To combat in a nobler cause.

"Sleep in a whole skin, I advise,

25

"And let them bleed who gain the prize."

MORAL.

Parties enrag'd on one another fall;

The butcher and the bear-ward pocket all.

28

FABLE VI.

THE WOUNDED MAN AND THE SWARM OF FLIES.

E. malis minimum.

SQUATIN with wounds, and many a gaping sore,

A wretched Lazar lay distress,

A swarm of Flies his bleeding ulcers tore,

And on his putrid carcass feast.

A courteous traveller, who pass'd that way,

And saw the vile Harpeian brood,

Offer'd his help the monstrous crew to slay,

That rioted on human blood.

" Ah! gentle Sir;" th' unhappy wretch reply'd,
 " Your well-meant charity refrain;
 " The angry gods have that redress deny'd,
 " Your goodness would increase my pain.

" Fat, and full-fed, and with abundance cloy'd,
 " But now and then these tyrants feed;

" But were, alas! this pamper'd brood destroy'd, I
 " The lean and hungry would succeed."

MORAL.

The body politic must soon decay,
 When swarms of insects on its vitals prey;
 When bloodsuckers of state, a greedy brood,
 Feast on our wounds, and fatten with our blood.
 What must we do in this severe distress?
 Come, Doctor, give this patient some redress;
 The quacks in politics a change advise,
 But cooler counsels should direct the wise.
 'Tis hard indeed; but better this than worse;
 Mistaken blessings prove the greatest curse.
 Alas! what would our bleeding country gain
 If, when this viperous brood at last is slain,
 The teeming Hydra pollulates again,
 Seizes the prey with more voracious bite,
 To satisfy his hungry appetite?

FABLE VII.

THE WOLF AND THE DOG.

Hunc ego per Syrtes, Libyæque extrema, triumphum
 Ducere maluerim, quam ter Capitolia curru
 Scandere Pompeii, quam frangere colla Jugurthæ.

LUC.

A PROWLING Wolf, that scour'd the plains
 To ease his hunger's griping pains,
 Ragged as courtier in disgrace,
 Hide-bound, and lean, and out of case,
 By chance a well-fed Dog spy'd,
 And being kin, and near ally'd,
 He civilly salutes the cur,
 "How do you, Cuz!" "Your servant, Sir!"
 "O happy friend! how gay thy mien!
 How plump thy sides, how sleek thy skin!
 "Triumphant plenty shines all o'er,
 "And the fat melts at ev'ry pore!"
 "While I, alas! decay'd and old,
 "With hunger pin'd, and stiff with cold,
 "With many a howl and hideous groan,
 "Tell the relentless woods my moan.
 "Pr'ythee, my happy friend! impart
 "Thy wondrous cunning thriving art!"
 "Why, faith, I'll tell thee as a friend;
 "But first thy surly manners mend:

20

"Be complaisant, obliging, kind,
 "And leave the Wolf for once behind."
 The Wolf whose mouth begun to water,
 With joy and rapture gallop'd after,
 When thus the Dog: "At bed and board
 "I share the plenty of my lord;
 "From ev'ry guest I claim a fee,
 "Who court my lord by bribing me,
 "In mirth I revel all the day,
 "And many a game at romps I play;
 "I fetch and carry, leap o'er sticks,
 "And twenty such diverting tricks.
 "The pretty, faith," the Wolf reply'd,
 And on his neck the collar spy'd:
 He starts, and without more ado
 He bids the abject wretch adieu:
 "Enjoy your dainties, friend! to me
 "The noblest feast is liberty."

The famish'd Wolf upon these desert plains
 Is happier than a fawning cur in chains.

MORAL.

Thus bravely spoke the nurse of ancient Rome,
 Thus the starv'd Swiss and hungry Grisons roam
 On barren hills, clad with eternal snow,
 And look with scorn on the prim slaves below:
 Thus Cato 'scap'd by death the tyrant's chains,
 And walks unshackled in th' Elysian Plains.

Thus, Britons! thus your great forefathers stood
 For liberty, and fought in seas of blood:
 To barren rocks and gloomy woods confin'd, }
 Their virtues by necessity refin'd, } [steady mind.
 Nor cold, nor want, nor death, could shake their
 No saucy Druid then durst cry aloud,
 And with his slavish cant debauch the crowd;
 No passive legions in a scoundrel's cause
 Pillage a city, and affront the laws.
 The state was quiet, happy, and serene,
 For Boadicea was the Britons' queen;
 Her subjects their just liberties maintain'd,
 And in her people's hearts the happy monarch reign'd.

FABLE VIII.

THE OYSTER.

-----In jus

Acres, procurat, magnum spectaculum, uterque. HOR.

Two comrades, as grave authors say,
 (But in what chapter, page, or line,
 Ye Critics! if ye please, define),
 Had found an Oyster in their way.
 Contest and foul debate arose;
 Both view'd at once with greedy eyes,
 Both challeng'd the delicious prize,
 And high words soon improv'd to blows.

Actions on actions hence succeed;
 Each hero 's obstinately stout,
 Green bags and parchments fly about,
 Pleadings are drawn and counsel fee'd.

The parson of the place, good man!
 Whose kind and charitable heart
 In human ills still bore a part,
 Thrice shook his head, and thus began :

" Neighbours and friends! refer to me
 " This doughty matter in dispute,
 " I'll soon decide th' important suit,
 " And finish all without a fee.

" Give me the Oyfter, then—"Tis well—" 20
 He opens it, and at one sup
 Gulps the contested trifle up,
 And, smiling, gives to each a shell.

" Henceforth let foolish discord cease;
 " Your Oyfter's good as e'er was ate;
 " I thank you for my dainty treat;
 " God bless you both, and live in peace."

MORAL.

Ye men of Norfolk and of Wales!
 From this learn common sense; 30
 Nor thrust your neighbours into goals
 For ev'ry slight offence. Fij

Banish those vermin of debate
That on your substance feed;
The knaves, who now are serv'd in plate,
Would starve if fools agreed.

FABLE IX.

THE SHEEP AND THE BUSH.

Lætus forte tua vives sapienter.—

HOR.

A SHEEP, well-meaning brute! one morn
Retir'd beneath a spreading thorn,
A pealing storm to shun;
Escap'd indeed both rain and wind,
But left, alas! his fleece behind:
Was it not wisely done?

MORAL.

Beneath the blast while pliant osiers bend,
The stubborn oak each furious wind shall rend.
Discreetly yield, and patiently endure
Such common evils as admit no cure
These Fate ordains, and Heav'n's high will has
In humble littleness submit content; [sent:
But those thy folly brings in time prevent. 13 }

FABLE X.

THE FROGS' CHOICE.

ὦ πόποι, οἷον δὴ νῦν θεὸς βροτοὶ ἀπώωνται.

Ἐξ ἡμέων γὰρ παύει κακ' ἐμμεναι· οἳ δ' ἔτι αὐτοὶ

Σφῆσιν ἀλασθαλίῃσιν ὑπὲρ μόρον ἄλγ' ἔχουσιν.

IN a wild state of nature long
The Frogs at random liv'd,
The weak a prey unto the strong,
With anarchy oppress'd and griev'd.
At length the lawless rout,
Taught by their suff'rings, grew devout;
An embassy to Jove they sent,
And begg'd his highness would bestow
Some settled form of government,
A king to rule the fens below.
Jove, smiling, grants their odd request;
A king th' indulgent pow'r bestow'd,
(Such as might suit their genius best)
A beam of a prodigious size,
With all its cumbrous load,
Came tumbling from the skies,
The waters dash against the shore,
The hollow caverns roar;
The rocks return the dreadful sound,
Convulsions shake the ground.

The multitude with horror fled,
And in his oozy bed
Each skulking coward hid his head.

When all is now grown calm again,
And smoothly glides the liquid plain, 35
A Frog more resolute and bold,
Peeping with caution from his hold,
Recover'd from his first surprise,
As o'er the wave his head he popp'd,
He saw—but scarce believ'd his eyes, 30
On the same bank where first he dropp'd
Th' imperial lubber lies,
Stretch'd at his ease, careless, content:
"Is this the monarch Jove has sent,"
Said he, "our warlike troops to lead? 35
"Ay! 't is a glorious prince indeed!
"By such an active gen'ral led,
"The routed mice our arms shall dread,
"Subdu'd, shall quit their claims,
"Old Homer shall recount his lays, 40
"For us new trophies raised,
"Sing our victorious arms, and justify our fame!"
Then laughing impudently loud,
He soon alarm'd the dastard crowd:
The croaking nations with contempt 45
Behold the worthless indolent,

On wings of winds swift scandal flies, and they
 Libels, lampoons, and lies, on every side;
 Hoarse treasons, tuneless blasphemies, on every side;
 With active leap at last upon his back they stride,
 And on the royal loggerhead in triumph ride.

Once more to Jove their pray'rs address,
 And once more Jove grants their request.
 A stork he sends, of monstrous size,
 Red lightning flashing in his eyes;
 Rul'd by no block, as heretofore,
 The gazing crowds press'd to his court,
 Admire his stately mien, his haughty port,
 And only not adore.
 Addresses of congratulation,
 Sent from each loyal corporation,
 Full-freight with truth and sense,
 Exhausted all their eloquence.
 But now, alas! 't was night; kings must have meat:
 The Grand Vizir first goes to pot;
 Three Bassas next, happy their lot!
 Gain'd Paradise by being ate.
 "And this," said he, "and this is mine,
 "And this, by right divine."
 In short, 't was all for public weal,
 He swallow'd half a nation at a meal.

* According to the Turkish opinion, all who suffer by the Grand Seignior's orders go directly to Paradise.

Again they beg almighty Jove
 This cruel tyrant to remove.
 With fierce resentment in his eyes
 The frowning Thunderer replies, 73
 "Those evils which yourselves create,
 "Rash fools! ye now repent too late;
 "Made wretched by the public voice,
 "Not thro' necessity but choice! 79
 "Be gone!—Nor wrest from Heav'n some heavier
 "Better bear this, this stork, than worse." [curse,

MORAL.

Oppress'd with happiness, and sick with ease,
 Not Heav'n itself our fickle minds can please.
 Fondly we wish, cloy'd with celestial store,
 The leeks and onions which we loath'd before: 83
 Still roving, still desiring, never pleas'd,
 With plenty starv'd, and ev'n with health diseas'd.
 With partial eyes each present good we view,
 Nor covet what is best, but what is new.
 Ye Pow'rs above! who make mankind your care,
 To bless the suppliant reject his pray'r. 89

OR

FABLE XI.

LIBERTY AND LOVE; OR, THE TWO SPARROWS.

---Doe est uxoris, lites.

OVID.

A SPARROW and his mate,
 (Believe me, gentle Kate!)
 Once lov'd like I and you;
 With mutual ardour join'd,
 No turtles e'er so kind,
 So constant and so true.

They hopp'd from spray to spray;
 They bill'd, they chirp'd all day;
 They cuddled close all night;
 To bliss they wak'd each morn;
 In ev'ry bush and thorn;
 Gay scenes of new delight.

At length the fowler came,
 (The knave was much to blame)
 And this dear pair tropan'd;
 Both in one cage confin'd:
 Why, faith and troth, 't was kind;
 Nay, hold—that must be scann'd.

Fair liberty thus gone,
And one coop'd up with one,

20

'Twas awkward, new, and strange;

For better and for worse,

O dismal, fatal curse!

No more abroad to range.

No carols now they sing,

25

Each droops his little wing,

And mourns his cruel fate:

Clouds on each brow appear;

My Honey and my Dear

Is now quite out of date.

30

They pine, lament, and moan;

'Twould melt an heart of stone

To hear their sad complaint:

Nor he supply'd her wants,

Nor she refrain'd from taunts,

35

That might provoke a saint.

Hard words improve to blows,

For now, grown mortal foes,

They peck, they scratch, they scream:

The cage lies on the floor,

40

The wires are stain'd with gore,

It swells into a stream.

Dear Kitty! would you know

The cause of all this woe,

It is not hard to guess;

45

Whatever does constrain

Turns pleasure into pain;

'Tis choice alone can blest.

When both no more are free,

Insipid I must be,

And you lose all your charms;

My smother'd passion dies,

And even your bright eyes

Necessity disarm.

Then let us love, my fair!

But unconstrain'd as air

Each join a willing heart;

Let free-born souls disdain

To wear a tyrant's chain,

And act a nobler part.

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FABLE XII.

THE TWO SPRINGS.

Errat longe mes quidem septentis
 Qui imperium credat gravius esse aut stabilius
 Vi quod sit, quam illud quod amittit auctoritas.

TER.

Two sister Springs, from the same parent hill,
 Born on the same propitious day,
 Thro' the cleft rock distil;
 Adown the rev'rend mountain's side
 Thro' groves of myrtle glide,
 Or thro' the violet beds obliquely stray
 The laurel, each proud victor's crown,
 From them receives her high renown;
 From them the curling vine
 Her clusters big with racy wines;
 To them her oil the peaceful olive owes,
 And her vermilion blush the rose;
 The gracious streams in smooth meanders flow,
 To ev'ry thirsty root dispense
 Their kindly-cooling influence,
 And Paradise adorns the mountain's brow;
 But, oh! the sad effect of pride!
 These happy twins at last divide.
 "Sister," exclaims th' ambitious Spring,
 "What profit do these labours bring?"

" Always to give, and never to enjoy,
 " A fruitless and a mean employ!
 " Stay here inglorious if you please,
 " And loiter out a life of indolence and ease:
 " Go, humble drudge, each thistle rear, 25
 " And nurse each shrub, your daily care,
 " While, pouring down from this my lofty source,
 " I deluge all the plain,
 " No dams shall stop my course,
 " And rocks oppose in vain. 30
 " See where my foaming billows flow,
 " Above the hills my waves aspire,
 " The shepherds and their flocks retire,
 " And tallest cedars as they pass in sign of homage bow.
 " To me each tributary spring 35
 " Its supplemental stores shall bring;
 " With me the rivers shall unite,
 " The lakes beneath my banners fight,
 " Till the proud Danube and the Rhine
 " Shall own their fame eclips'd by mine; 40
 " Both gods and men shall dread my wat'ry sway,
 " Nor these in cities safe, nor in their temples they."

Away the haughty boaster flew,
 Scarce bade her sister stream a cool adieu:
 Her waves grow turbulent and bold, 45
 Not gently murmur'ing as of old,

But roughly dash against the shore,
 And toss their spumy heads, and proudly roar.
 The careful farmer with surprise
 Sees the tumultuous torrent rise;
 With busy looks the rustie band appear
 To guard their growing hopes, the promise of the year.
 All hands unite; with dams they bound
 The rash rebellious stream around;
 In vain she foams, in vain she raves,
 In vain she curls her feeble waves;
 Besieg'd at last on ev'ry side,
 Her source exhausted and her channel dry'd,
 (Such is the fate of impotence and pride!)
 A shallow pond she stands confin'd,
 The refuge of the croaking kind.
 Rushes and sags, an inbred foe,
 Choke up the muddy pool below;
 The tyrant sun on high
 Exacts his usual subsidy;
 And the poor pittance that remains
 Each gaping cranny drains.
 Too late the fool repents her haughty boast,
 A nameless nothing in oblivion lost.

Her sister Spring, benevolent and kind,
 With joy sees all around her blest,
 The good she does into her gen'rous mind
 Returns again with interest.

The farmer oft' invokes her aid,
 When Sirius nips the tender blade;
 Her streams a sure elixir bring,
 Gay plenty decks the fields, and a perpetual spring.
 Where'er the gard'ner smoothes her easy way,
 Her ductile streams obey,
 Courteous she visits ev'ry bed,
 Narcissus tears his drooping head
 By her diffusive bounty fed,
 Reviv'd from her indulgent urn,
 Sad Hyacinth forgets to mourn;
 Rich in the blessings she bestows,
 All nature smiles where'er she flows.
 Enamour'd with a nymph so fair,
 See where the river gods appear,
 A nymph so eminently good,
 The joy of all the neighbourhood;
 They clasp her in their liquid arms,
 And riot in th' abundance of her charms.
 Like old Alpheus fond, their wanton streams they
 Like Arethusa she, as lovely and as kind.
 Now swell'd into a mighty flood,
 Her channel deep and wide,
 Still she persists in doing good,
 Her bounty flows with ev'ry tide.
 A thousand riv'lets in her train
 With fertile waves enrich the plain:

The scaly herd, a num'rous throng;
 Beneath her silver billows glide along,
 Whose still-increasing shoals supply
 The poor man's wants, the great one's luxury.
 Here all the feather'd troops retreat,
 Securely ply their oary feet,
 Upon her floating herbage graze,
 And with their tuneful notes resound her praise.
 Here flocks and herds in safety feed,
 And fatten in each flow'ry mead;
 No beasts of prey appear
 The watchful shepherd to beguile,
 No monsters of the deep inhabit here,
 Nor the voracious shark nor wily crocodile;
 But Delia and her nymphs, chaste sylvan queen,
 By mortals' prying eyes unseen,
 Bathe in her flood, and sport upon her borders;
 Here merchants, careful of their store,
 By angry billows tost,
 Anchor secure beneath her shore,
 And bless the friendly coast.

Soon mighty fleets in all their pride
 Triumphant on her surface ride,
 The busy trader on her banks appears,
 An hundred diff'rent tongues she hears;
 At last, with wonder and surprise,
 She sees a stately city rise;

With joy the happy flood admires
 The lofty domes, the pointed spires;
 The porticoes, magnificently great, 130
 Where all the crowding nations meet;
 The bridges that adorn her brow,
 From bank to bank their ample arches stride,
 Thro' which her curling waves in triumph glide,
 And in melodious murmurs flow. 135
 Now grown a port of high renown,
 The treasure of the world her own,
 Both Indies with their precious stores
 Pay yearly tribute to her shores.
 Honour'd by all, a rich well-peopled stream, 140
 Nor Father Thames himself of more esteem.

MORAL.

The pow'r of kings (if rightly understood)
 Is but a grant from Heav'n of doing good.
 Proud tyrants, who maliciously destroy,
 And ride o'er ruins with malignant joy, 145
 Humbled in dust, soon to their cost shall know
 Heav'n our avenger, and mankind their foe;
 While gracious monarchs reap the good they sow:
 Blessing, are bless'd; far spreads their just renown,
 Consenting nations their dominion own, 150
 And joyful happy crowds support their throne.

In vain the pow'rs of earth and hell combine;
 Each guardian angel shall protect that line
 Who by their virtues prove their right diviner.

FABLE XIII.

THE BALD BACHELOR:

*Being a paraphrase upon the Second Fable in the Second
 Book of Phædrus.*

Frigidus in Venerem senior, frustra que laborem
 Ingratum trahit: et si quando at prælia ventum est,
 Ut quondam in stipulis magnus uno virbra ignis,
 Incassum furit, Ergo animos ævumque notabis
 Præcipue. VIRGI. *Georg.* lib. III.

A BACHELOR who, past his prime,
 Had been a good one in his time,
 Had scour'd the streets, had whor'd, got drunk,
 Had fought his man, and kept his punk;
 Was sometimes rich, but oft'ner poor,
 With early duns about his door;
 Being a little off his mettle,
 Thought it convenient now to settle:
 Grew wondrous wise at forty-five,
 Resolving to be grave and thrive:
 By chance he cast his roguish eye
 Upon a dame who liv'd hard by;
 A widow debonair and gay,
 October in the dress of May;

Artful to lay both red and white; and his sword
 Skill'd in repairs, and, ev'n in fighting, did need be
 Of time and wrinkles, kept all tight.
 But he, whose heart was apt to rove,
 An arrant wanderer in love,
 Besides this widow had Miss Kitty,
 Juicy and young, exceeding witty:
 On her he thought, serious or gay,
 His dream by night, his toast by day;
 He thought, but not on her alone,
 For who would be confin'd to one?
 Between them both strange work he made;
 Gave this a ball or masquerade,
 With that at serious ombre play'd:
 The self-same compliments he spok'
 The self-same oaths he swore, he broke;
 Alternately on each bestows
 Fail promises and short-liv'd vows:
 Variety! kind source of joy,
 Without whose aid all pleasures cloy;
 Without thee who would ever prove
 The painful drudgeries of love?
 Without thee, what indulgent wight
 Would read what we in garrets write?
 But, not to make my tale perplex'd,
 And keep more closely to my text,
 'Tis fit the courteous reader know
 This middle-ag'd man had been a beau.

But, above all, his head of hair
 Had been his great peculiar care,
 To which his serious hours he lent,
 Nor deem'd the precious time mispent.
 'Twas long and curling, and jet black,
 Hung to the middle of his back:
 Black, did I say? Ay, once 't was so,
 But cruel Time had smok'd the beau,
 And powder'd o'er his head with snow.
 As an old horse that had been hard rid,
 Or from his master's coach discarded,
 Forc'd in a tumbril to go filler,
 Or load for some poor rogue a miller;
 On his grave noddle o'er his eyes
 Black hairs and white promiscuous rise,
 Which chequer o'er his rev'rend pate,
 And prove the keffel more sedate:
 So with this worthy squire it far'd.
 Yet he nor time nor labour spar'd,
 But with excessive cost and pains
 Still made the best of his remains.
 Each night beneath his cap he furl'd it,
 Each morn in modish ringlets curl'd it;
 Now made his comely tresses shine
 With orange-butter jessamine;
 Then with sweet powder and perfumes
 He purify'd his upper rooms.

So when a jockey brings a mare,
 Or horse, or gelding, to a fair;
 Tho' he be spavin'd, old, and blind,
 With founder'd feet and broken wind,
 Yet, if he 's master of his trade,
 He 'll curry well and trim the jade,
 To make the cheat go glibly down,
 And bubble some unwary clown.
 What woman made of flesh and blood,
 So sweet a gallant e'er withstood?
 They melt, they yield, both, both are smitten,
 The good old puffs and the young kittens;
 And being now familiar grown,
 Each look'd upon him as her own;
 No longer talk'd of Dear or Honey,
 But of plain downright matrimony.
 At that dread word his Worship started,
 And was (we may suppose) hearted;
 Yet, being resolv'd to change his state,
 Winks both his eyes; and trusts to Fate.
 But now new doubts and scruples rise,
 To plague him with perplexities;
 He knew not which, alas! to chuse,
 This he must take, and that refuse.
 As when some idle country lad
 Swings on a gate his wooden pad,
 To right to left he spurs away,
 But neither here nor there can stay,

Till, by the catch surpris'd, the lout
 His journey ends where he set out;
 Ev'n so this dubious lover stray'd
 Between the widow and the maid;
 And after swinging to and fro,
 Was just in *equilibrio*;
 Yet still a lover's warmth he shows,
 And makes his visits and his bows;
 Domestic grown, both here and there,
 Nor Pug nor Shock were half so dear;
 With bread and butter, and with tea,
 And Madam's toilette, who but he?
 There fix'd a patch or broke a comb;
 At night, the widow's drawing-room,
 O sweet vicissitude of love!
 Who would covet heav'n above,
 Were men but thus allow'd to rove?
 But, alas! some curs'd event,
 Some unexpected accident,
 Humbles our pride, and shows the odds
 Between frail mortals and the gods;
 This by the sequel will appear
 A truth most evident and clear.
 As on the widow's panting breast
 He laid his peaceful head to rest,
 Dreaming of pleasures yet in store,
 And joys he ne'er had felt before,

His grizzly locks appear display'd
In all their pomp of light and shade.

"Alas! my future spouse," said she,

"What do mine eyes astonish'd see?"

"Marriage demands equality.

"What will malicious neighbours say?"

"Should I, a widow young and gay,

"Marry a man both old and gray?"

"Those hideous hairs!"—With that a tear

Did in each crystal sluice appear;

She fetch'd a deep sigh from her heart,

As who should say, Best friends must part!

Then mus'd a while; "There is but one,

"But this expedient left alone,

"To save that dear head from disgrace,

"Here, Jenny, fetch my tweezer-case"

To work then went the treach'rous fairy,

And grubb'd up here and there a hair;

But as she meant not to renew

His charms, but set her own to view,

And by this foil more bright appear,

In youthful bloom when he was near,

The cunning gypsy nipt away

The black, but slyly left the gray.

O Dallilah! perfidious fair!

O sex ingenious to ensnare!

How faithless all your doings are!

Whom Nature form'd your lord, your guide,
 You his precarious power deride,
 Tool of your vanity and pride.
 The squire, who, thus deceiv'd, ne'er dreamt
 What the deceitful traitress meant,
 Thrice kiss'd her hand, and then retir'd
 With more exalted thoughts inspir'd
 To his fairilly next repairs,
 With stouter port and youthful airs.
 "Lord! Sir"—said she—"your mighty gay,
 But I must tell you, by the way,
 That no brood goose was e'er so gay.
 "Here, let this hand eradicate
 "Those foul dishonours of your pate."
 For she, poor thing! whose virgin heart,
 Upskill'd in every female art,
 In pure simplicity believ'd
 His youth might at this way be retriev'd,
 At least his age disguis'd, and she
 From spiteful prudes and censure free,
 With earnest diligence and care
 Grubb'd by the roots each grizzled hair;
 Some few black hairs she left behind,
 But not one of the silver kind.
 But when she saw what work she had made,
 His bald broad front without a shade,
 And all his hatchet face display'd,

With scarce six hairs upon a side,
 His large outspreading lugs to hide;
 She laugh'd, she scream'd, and Nan and Bess
 In concert laugh'd, and scream'd no less;
 Home skulk'd the squire, and hid his face;
 Sore smitten with the foul disgrace;
 Softly he knock'd, but trusty John
 Who knew his hour was twelve or one,
 Rubb'd both his eyes, and yawn'd, and swore,
 And quickly blunder'd to the door;
 But starting back at this disaster,
 Vow'd that old Nick had hagg'd his master;
 The landlady in sore affright
 Fell into fits, and swoon'd outright;
 The neighbourhood was rais'd and call'd,
 The maids miscarry'd, children bawl'd,
 The cur, whom oft' his bounty fed
 With many a scrap and bit of bread,
 Now own'd him not, but in the throng
 Growl'd at him as he sneak'd along.
 To bed he went, 't is true, but not
 Or clos'd his eyes or slept one jot;
 Not Nisus was in such despair,
 Spoil'd of his kingdom and his hair:
 Not ev'n Belinda made such moan
 When her dear fav'rite lock was gone.
 He fum'd, he rav'd, he curs'd amain,
 All his past life run o'er again;

Volume II.

Damn'd ev'ry female bite to Tyburn,
 From Mother Eve to Mother Weyburn;
 Each youthful vanity abjur'd,
 Whores, box and dice, and claps ill-cur'd;
 And having lost, by female art,
 This darling idol of his heart,
 Those precious locks, that might outvie
 The trim-cur'd god who lights the sky,
 Resolv'd to grow devout and wise,
 Or, what 's almost the same—precise;
 Canted, and whin'd, and talk'd most oddly,
 Was very slovenly and godly,
 (For nothing makes devotion keen
 Like disappointment and chagrin)
 In fine, he set his house in order,
 And piously put on a border.

MORAL.

To you, gay sparks, who waste your youthful prime,
 Old Æsop sends this monitory rhyme;
 Leave, leave, for shame, your trulls at Sh—er Hall,
 And marry in good time, or not at all.
 Of all the monsters Smithfield e'er could show,
 There 's none so hideous as a batter'd beau.
 Trust not the noon of life, but take the morn;
 Will. Honeycomb is ev'ry female's scorn.
 Lethim be rich, high-born, book-learn'd, and wise,
 Believe me, friends! in ev'ry woman's eyes
 'Tis back, and brawn, and sinew, wins the prize.

FABLE XIV.

THE FORTUNE-HUNTER. IN FIVE CANTOS.

Fortuna sævo læta negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludere peritax
Transmutat incertos honores.

HOR.

CANTO I.

SOME authors, more abstruse than wife,
Friendship confine to stricter ties,
Require exact conformity
In person, age, and quality;
Their humours, principles, and wit
Must, like Exchequer tallies, hit;
Others, less scrupulous, opine
That hands and hearts in love may join
Tho' diff'rent inclinations sway,
For Nature's more in fault than they.
Whoe'er would sift this point more fully,
May read St. Evremond and Tully;
With me the doctrine shall prevail
That's *à propos* to form my tale.
Two brethren (whether twins or no
Imports not very much to know)

Hij

Together bred; as fam'd their love
 As Leda's brats begot by Jove;
 As various too their tempers were;
 That brisk and frolic, debonair;
 This more confid'rate and severe. 20 }
 While Bob, with diligence would pore —
 And con by heart his Battle-door,
 Frank play'd at romps with John the groom,
 Or switch'd his hobby round the room. 25
 The striplings now too bulky grown
 To make dirt-pies and lounge at home,
 With aching hearts to school are sent,
 Their humours still of various bent;
 The silent, serious, solid, boy, 30
 Came on apace, was daddy's joy,
 Constr'd, and pars'd, and said his part,
 And got *Que-genus* all by heart;
 While Franky, that unlucky rogue,
 Fell in with ev'ry whim in vogue, 35
 Valu'd not Lilly of a straw,
 A-rook at chuck, a dab at taw.
 His bum was often brush'd, you'll say;
 'Tis true, now twice, then thrice a day;
 So leeches at the breech are fed, 40
 To cure vertigos in the head.
 But, by your leave, good Doctor Freind,
 Let me this maxim recommend,
 "A genius can't be forc'd;" nor can
 You make an ape an alderman: 45

The patchwork doublet well may suit,
 But how would furs become the brute?
 In short, the case is very plain,
 When maggots once are in the brain,
 Whole loads of birch are spent in vain.

Now to pursue this hopeful pair
 To Oxford, and the Lord knows where,
 Would take more ink than I can spare,
 Nor shall I here minutely score
 The volumes Bob turn'd o'er and o'er,
 The laundresses turn'd up by Frank,
 With many a strange diverting prunk;
 'T would jade my Muse, tho' better fed,
 And kept in body-clothes and bread.

When bristles on each chin began
 To sprout, the promise of a man,
 The good old gentleman expir'd,
 And decently to heav'n retir'd;
 The brethren, at their country-seat,
 Enjoy'd a pleasant snug retreat;
 Their cellars and their barns well stor'd,
 And plenty smoking on their board:
 Ale and tobacco for the vicar,
 For gentry sometimes better liquor.
 Judicious Bob had read all o'er
 Each weighty stay'd philosopher,
 And therefore rightly understood
 The real from th' apparent good;

Substantial blis, intrinsic joys,
 From bustle, vanity, and noise;
 Could his own happiness create,
 And bring his mind to his estate;
 Liv'd in the same calm easy round,
 His judgment clear, his body sound;
 Good humour, probity, and sense,
 Repaid with peace and indolence;
 While rakish Frank, whose active soul
 No bounds, no principles, control,
 Flies o'er the world where pleasure calls,
 To races, masquerades, and balls;
 At random roves, now here, now there,
 Drinks with the gay, and toasts the fair.
 As when the full-fed reddy steed
 Breaks from his groom, he flies with speed,
 His high-arch'd neck he proudly rears,
 Upon his back his tail he bears,
 His main upon his shoulders curls,
 O'er ev'ry precipice he whirls,
 He plunges in the cooling tides,
 He laves his shining pamper'd sides,
 He snuffs the females on the plain,
 And to his joy he springs again,
 To this, to that, impetuous flies,
 Nor can the stud his lust suffice,
 Till nature flags, his vigour spent,
 With drooping tail, and nerve unbent,
 The humble beast returns content,

Waits tamely at the stable-door;
 As tractable as e'er before:
 This was exactly Franky's case;
 When blood ran high he liv'd apace,
 But pockets drain'd, and ev'ry vein,
 Look'd silly, and came home again.
 At length extravagance and vice,
 Whoring and drinking, box and dice,
 Sunk his exchequer: cares intrude,
 And duns grow troublesome and rude.
 What measures shall poor Franky take
 To manage wisely the last stake,
 With some few pieces in his purse,
 And half a dozen brats at nurse?
 Pensive he walk'd, lay long a-bed,
 Now bit his nails, then scratch'd his head,
 At last resolv'd; resolv'd! on what?
 There's not a penny to be got;
 The question now remains alone,
 Whether 't is best to hang or drown.
 Thank you for that, good friendly devil!
 You're very courteous, very civil;
 Other expedients may be try'd,
 The man is young, the world is wide,
 And, as judicious authors say,
 "Every dog shall have his day."
 What if we ramble for a while,
 Seek Fortune out, and court her smile,

Act ev'ry part in life to win her, 135
 First try the faint, and then the sinner;
 Press boldly on; slighted, pursue;
 Repuls'd, again the charge renew;
 Give her no rest, attend, entreat,
 And stick at nothing to be great.
 Fir'd with these thoughts, the youth grew vain,
 Look'd on the country with disdain,
 Where Virtue's fools her laws obey,
 And dream a lazy life away; 140
 Thinks poverty the greatest sin,
 And walks on thorns till he begin;
 But first before his brother laid
 The hopeful scheme, and begg'd his aid.
 Kind Bob was much abash'd to see
 His brother in extremity, 145
 Reduc'd to rags for want of thought,
 A beggar, and not worth a groat;
 He griev'd full sore, gave good advice,
 Quoted his authors grave and wise, 150
 All who with wholesome morals treat us,
 Old Seneca and Epictetus.
 What 's my unhappy brother doing?
 Whither rambling? whom pursuing?
 An idle, tricking, giddy, jade, 155
 A phantom, and a fleeting shade;
 Grasp'd in this coxcomb's arms a while,
 The false jilt fawns; then a fond smile

On that she leers; he like the rest is giddy and vain;
 Is soon a bubble and a jest;
 But live with me, just to thyself,
 And scorn the bitch and all her pelf;
 Fortune's ador'd by fools alone,
 The wise man always makes his own;
 But 't is, alas! in vain to apply
 Fine sayings and philosophy
 Where a poor youth's overheated brain
 Is sold to interest and gain,
 And pride and fierce ambition reign;
 Bob found it so, nor did he strive
 To work the nail that would not drive;
 Content to do the best he could,
 And as became his brotherhood,
 Gave him what money he could spare,
 And kindly paid his old arrears,
 Bought him his equipage and clothes;
 So thus supply'd away he goes,
 For London town he mounts, as gay
 As tailors on their wedding-day.

Not many miles upon the road
 A widow's stately mansion stood;
 What if Dame Fortune should be there?
 (Said Frank) 't is ten to one, I swear;
 I'll try to find her in the crowd;
 She loves the wealthy and the proud.

Away he spurs, and at the door
 Stood gallant gentry many a score,
 Penelope had never more.
 Here tortur'd catgut squeals amain,
 Guittars in softer notes complain,
 And lutes reveal the lover's pain.
 Frank, with a careless easy mien,
 Sung her a song, and was let in.
 The rest with envy burst to see
 The stranger's odd felicity.
 Low bow'd the footman at the stairs,
 The gentleman at top appears:
 "And is your lady, Sir, at home?"
 "Pray walk into the drawing-room."
 But here my Muse is too well bred
 To prattle what was done or said;
 She lik'd the youth, his dress, his face,
 His calves, his back, and ev'ry grace.
 Supper was serv'd, and down they sit,
 Much meat, good wine, some little wit.
 The grace-cup drunk, or dance, or play;
 Frank chose the last, was very gay,
 Had the good luck the board to strip,
 And punted to her Ladyship.
 The clock strikes one, the gentry bow'd,
 Each to his own apartment show'd;
 But Franky was in piteous mood,

Slept not a wink; he raves, he dies,
 Smit with her jointure and her eyes;
 Restless as in a lion's den,
 He sprawl'd and kick'd about till ten;
 But as he dream'd of future joys,
 His ear was startled with a noise,
 Six trumpets and a kettle-drum;
 Up in a hurry flies the groom,
 "Lord, Sir! get dress'd, the col'nel's come;
 "Your horse is ready at the door;
 "You may reach Uxbridge, Sir, by four."
 Poor Franky must in haste remove,
 With disappointment vex'd, and love;
 To dirt abandon'd and despair,
 For lace and feather won the fair.
 Now for the Town he jogs apace,
 With leaky boots and sunburnt face,
 And leaving Acton in his rear,
 Began to breathe sulphureous air.
 Arriv'd at length, the table spread,
 Three bottles drank, he reels to bed.
 Next morn his busy thoughts begun
 To rise and travel with the sun;
 Whims heap'd on whims his head turn'd round,
 But how Dame Fortune might be found
 Was the momentous grand affair,
 His secret wish, his only care,

Damme, thought Franky to himself, 240
 I'll find this giddy wand'ring elf;
 I'll hunt her out in ev'ry quarter;
 Till she bestow the staff or garter;
 I'll visit good Lord Sunderland,
 Who keeps the jilt at his command; 245
 Or else some courteous duchess may
 Take pity on a runaway.
 Dress'd to a pink, to court he flies;
 At this levee and that he plies;
 Bows in his rank, an humble slave, 250
 And meanly fawns on ev'ry knave;
 With maids of honour learns to chat;
 Fights for this lord, and pimps for that;
 Fortune he sought from place to place,
 She led him still a wildgoose chase; 255
 Always prepar'd with some excuse
 The hopeful youngker to amuse;
 Was busy, indispos'd, was gone
 To Hampton-court or Kensington;
 And after all her wiles and dodgings, 260
 She slipp'd clear off, and bilk'd her lodgings;
 Jaded, and almost in despair,
 A gamester whisper'd in his ear,
 "Who would seek Fortune, Sir, at court?"
 "At H———! 's is her chief resort; 265
 'Tis there her midnight hours she spends;
 "Is very gracious to her friends;

"Shows honest men the means of thriving;
 The best good-natur'd goddess living."
 Away he trudges with his ruck,
 Throws many a main, is bit, is broke:
 With dirty knuckles, aching head,
 Disconsolate, he sneaks to bed.

CANTO III.

How humble and how complaisant
 Is a proud man reduc'd to want
 With what a silly hanging face
 He bears his unforeseen disgrace!
 His spirits flag, his pulse beats low,
 The gods and all the world his foe;
 To thriving knaves a ridicule,
 A butt to ev'ry wealthy fool.
 For where is courage, wit, or sense,
 When a poor rake has lost his pence?
 Let all the learn'd say what they can,
 'Tis ready money makes the man;
 Commands respect where'er we go,
 And gives a grace to all we do.
 With such reflections Frank distress'd,
 The horrors of his soul express'd
 Contempt, the basket, and a jail,
 By turns his restless mind assails;

Aghast, the dismal scene he flies;
 And death grows pleasing in his eyes;
 For since his rhino was all flown
 To the last solitary crown,
 Who would not, like a Roman, dare
 To leave that world he could not share?
 The pistol on his table lay,
 And Death fled hov'ring o'er his prey;
 There wanted nothing now to do
 But touch the trigger, and adieu.
 As he was saying some short pray'rs,
 He heard a wheezing on the stairs,
 And looking out, his aunt appears,
 Who from Moorfields, breathless and lame,
 To see her graceless godson came.
 The salutations being past,
 Coughing, and out of wind, at last
 In his great chair she took her place.
 "How does your brother? is my niece
 Well, marry'd? when will Robin settle?"
 He answer'd all things to a tittle;
 Gave such content in ev'ry part,
 He gain'd the good old beldam's heart.
 "Godson," said she, "alas! I know
 Matters with you are but so-so;
 You're come to Town, I understand,
 To make your fortune out of hand;
 Your time and patrimony lost,
 To beg a place, or buy a post.

"Believe me, godson, I'm your friend;
 "Of this great Town this wicked end
 "Is ripe for judgment; Satan's seat,
 "The sink of sin, and hell complete;
 "In ev'ry street of trulls a troop,
 "And ev'ry cook-wench wears a hoop;
 "Sodom was less deform'd with vice,
 "Lewdness of all kinds, cards and dice.
 Frank blush'd, (which, by the way, was more
 Than ever he had done before)
 And own'd it was a wretched place,
 Unfit for any child of grace.
 The good old aunt o'erjoy'd to see
 These glimmerings of sanctity,
 "My dear," said she, "this purse is your's,
 "It cost me many painful hours;
 "Take it, improve it, and become
 "By art and industry a plumb;
 "But leave, for shame, this impious street,
 "All over-mark'd with cloven feet;
 "In our more holy quarter live,
 "Where both your soul and stock may thrive;
 "Where righteous citizens repair,
 "And heav'n and earth the godly share,
 "Gain this by jobbing, that by pray'r;
 "At Jonathan's go smoke a pipe,
 "Look very serious, dine on tripe;

"Get early up, late close your eyes; 73

"And leave no stone unturn'd to rise; 74

"Then each good day at Salters' Hall 75

"Pray for a blessing upon all." 76

Lowly the ravish'd Franky bows, 77

While joy sat smiling on his brows, 80

And without scruple, in a trice, 81

He took her money and advice, 82

Not an extravagant young heir, 83

Beset with duns, and in despair, 84

When joyful tidings reach his ear, 85

And dad retires, by Heav'n's commands, 86

To leave his chink to better hands; 87

Not wand'ring sailors almost lost; 88

When they behold the wish'd-for coast; 89

Not culprit when the knot is plac'd, 90

And kind reprieve arrives in haste, 91

E'er felt a joy in such excess; 92

As Frank reliev'd from this distress, 93

A thousand antic tricks he play'd, 94

The purse he kiss'd, swore, curs'd, and pray'd; 95

Counted the pieces o'er and o'er, 96

And hugg'd his unexpected store; 97

Built stately castles in the air, 98

Supp'd with the great, enjoy'd the fair; 99

Pick'd out his title and his place, 100

Was scarce contented with Your Grace. 101

Strange visions working in his head,
 Frantic, half mad, he strols to bed;
 Sleeps little; if he sleeps, he dreams
 Of sceptres and of diadems.
 "Fortune," said he, "shall now no more
 Trick and deceive me as of yore;
 "This passport shall admittance gain
 "In spite of all the jilt's disdain;
 "'Tis this the tyrant's pride disarms,
 "And brings her blushing to my arms;
 "This golden bough my wish shall speed;
 "And to th' Elysian Fields shall lead,
 The morn scarce peep'd but up he rose,
 Impatient huddled on his clothes;
 Call'd the next coach, gave double pay,
 And to Change-Alley whirl'd away;
 'Tis here Dame Fortune ev'ry day
 Opens her booth, and shows her play;
 Here laughing sits behind the scene;
 Dances her puppets here unseen,
 And turns her whimsical machine
 Powel, with all his wire and wit,
 To her great genius must submit
 Exact at twelve the goddess shows,
 And Fame aloud her trumpet blows;
 Harangues the mob with shams and lies,
 And bids their actions fall or rise.

Old Chaos here his throne regains; now another square
 And here in odd confusion reigns; then half a square 130
 All order, all distinction, lost; then half a square
 Now high, now low, the fools are tost; then half a square
 Here lucky rascals vainly rear their heads
 Their giddy heads, there in despair
 Sits humbled Pride, with downcast look, 135
 Bankrupts restor'd; and misers broke
 Strange figures here our eyes invade
 And the whole world in masquerade;
 A carman in a hat and feather, 140
 A lord in frieze, his breeches leather;
 Tom Whiplash in his coach of state,
 Drawn by the tits he drove of late;
 A col'nel of the bold trainbands
 Selling his equipage and lands;
 Hard by a cobbler bidding fair 145
 For the gold chain and next lord mayor;
 A butcher blust'ring in the crowd,
 Of his late purchas'd scutcheon proud;
 Retains his cleaver for his crest;
 His motto too beneath the rest; 150
 "Virtue and merit is a jest!"
 Two toasts, with all their trinkets gone,
 Padding the streets for half-a-crown;
 A daggled countess and her maid,
 Her house-rent and her slaves unpaid; 155
 A tailor's wife in rich brocade.

All sects, all parties, high and low,
 At Fortune's shrine devoutly bow;
 Nought can their ardent zeal restrain
 Where each man's godliness is gain.
 From taverns, meeting-houses, stewards
 Atheists and Quakers, bawds and Jews,
 Statesmen and fiddlers, beans and porters,
 Blue aprons here, and there blue gutters,
 As human race of old began
 From stones and clods transform'd to man,
 So from each dunghill, strange surprise!
 In troops the recent gentry rise;
 Of mushroom growth, they wildly stare,
 And ape the great with awkward air.
 So Pinkethman upon the stage,
 Mounting his ass in warlike rage,
 With simp'ring Dicky for his page,
 In Lee's mad rant, with monkey face,
 Burlesques the prince of Ammon's race;
 Industrious Frank, among the rest,
 Bought, sold, and cavill'd, bawl'd, and press'd;
 Lodg'd in a garret on the spot,
 Follow'd instructions to a jot,
 The praying part alone forgot;
 Learn'd ev'ry dealing term of art,
 And all th' ingenious cant by heart;
 Nor doubted but he soon should find
 Dame Fortune complaisant and kind.

After her oft' he call'd aloud, and said, 184
 But still she vanish' dain the crowd;
 Now with smooth looks and tempting smiles
 The faithless hypocrite beguiles;
 Then with a cool and scornful air,
 Bids the deluded wretch despair;
 Takes pet without the least pretence,
 And wonders at his insolence;
 Thus with her fickle humours vex'd,
 And between hopes and fears perplex'd,
 His patience quite worn out, at last 194
 Resolves to throw one desp'rate cast;
 " 'Tis vain," said he, "to whine and woo;
 'Tis one brisk stroke the work must do;
 Fortune is like a widow woe,
 And truckles to the bold alone;
 " I'll push at once and venture all, I 204
 " At least I shall with honour fall."
 But curse upon the treach'rous jade!
 Who thus his services repaid;
 When now he thought the world his own,
 He bought a bear, and was undone. 206

1801

CANTO III.

As there is something in a face,
 An air, and a petular grace,
 Which boldest painters cannot trace,

That more than features, shape, or hair,
 Distinguishes the happy fair,
 Strikes ev'ry eye, and makes her known
 A ruling toast thro' all the Town;
 So in each action 't is success
 That gives it all its comeliness,
 Guards it from censure and from blame,
 Brightens and burnishes our fame.
 For what is virtue, courage, wit,
 In all men but a lucky hit?
 But, *vice versa*, where this fails,
 The wisest conduct nought avails.
 The man of merit soon shall find
 The world to prosp'rous knaves inclin'd,
 Himself the last of all mankind.
 Too true poor Frank this thesis found,
 Bankrupt, despoil'd, and run aground,
 In durance vile detain'd and lost,
 And all his mighty projects cross'd;
 With grief and shame at once oppress'd,
 Tears swell his eyes and sighs his breast:
 A poor, forlorn, abandon'd rake,
 Where shall he turn? what measures take?
 Betray'd, deceiv'd, and ruin'd quite
 By his own greedy appetite,
 He mourns his fatal lust of pelf,
 And curses Fortune and himself;

In limbo pent, would fain get free,
 Importunate for liberty.
 So when the watchful hungry mouse,
 At midnight prowling round the house,
 Finds in a corner toasted cheese,
 Glad the luxurious prey to seize,
 With whiskers curl'd, and round black eyes,
 He meditates the luscious prize,
 Till caught, trepann'd, laments too late
 The rigorous decrees of Fate;
 Restless his freedom to regain,
 He bites the wire, and climbs in vain.
 The wretched captive, thus distressed,
 His busy thoughts allow no rest;
 Fond on each project to depend,
 Kind Hope his only faithful friend;
 Odd whimsies floating in his brain,
 He plots, contrives, but all in vain;
 Approves, rejects, and thinks again.
 As when the shipwreck'd wretch is tost
 From wave to wave, and almost lost,
 Beat by the billows from the shore,
 Returns half drown'd, and hugs once more
 The friendly plank he grasp'd before;
 So Frank, when all expedients fail,
 To save his carcass from a jail,
 Gets up with vermine and with care,
 And almost sinking in despair,

Resolves once more to make his court
 To his old aunt, his last resort;
 Takes pen in hand, now writes, now tears,
 Then blots his paper with his tears,
 Ransacks his troubled soul, to raise
 Each tender sentiment and phrase;
 And ev'ry lame excuse supplies
 With artful colouring and disguise;
 Kind to himself, lays all the blame
 On Fortune, that capricious dame;
 In short, informs her all was lost,
 And sends it by the penny-post.
 Soon as the ancient nymph had read
 The fatal scroll, she took her bed;
 Cold palsies seize her trembling head;
 She groans, she sighs, she sobs, she weeps;
 Her spectacles and beard with tears;
 Her nose, that wont to sympathize
 With all th' o'erflowings of her eyes,
 Adown in pearly drops distils,
 Th' united stream each chasm fills.
 Geneva now nor Nantz will do;
 Her toothless gums their hold let go;
 And on the ground, O fatal stroke!
 The short coarval pipe is broke;
 With vapours choak'd, entranc'd the liege
 Belches, and prays, and swears, and dies.

But sleep, that kind restorative,
 Recall'd her soul, and bid her live;
 With cooler thoughts the case she weigh'd,
 And brought her reason to her aid;
 Away she hobbles, and with speed
 Resolves to see the captive freed;
 Wipe off this stain and foul disgrace,
 And vindicate her ancient race;
 With her a sage director comes,
 More weighty than a brace of plumbs;
 A good Man in the City cant,
 Where cash, not morals, makes the saint;
 'T' improve a genius so polite,
 The clumsy thing was dubb'd a knight;
 Fortune's chief confident and friend,
 Grown fat by many a dividend;
 And still her favour he retains
 By want of merit and of brains;
 On her top spoke sublime he sits,
 The jest and theme of sneering wits;
 For fools in Fortune's pill'ry plac'd
 Are mounted to be more disgrac'd.
 This rich old hunk, as Woodcock wife,
 Was call'd the younker to advise.
 "Young man," said he, "refrain from tears
 While joyful tidings bless thine ears.
 Up, and be doing, boy! and try
 To conquer Fate by industry;

- " For know that all of mortal race
 " Are born to losses and disgrace : 115
 " Ev'n I broke twice ; I, heretofore
 " A tailor despicably poor,
 " In ev'ry hole for shelter crept,
 " On the same bulk botch'd, lous'd, and slept,
 " With scarce one penny to prepare 120
 " A friendly halter in despair ;
 " My credit like my garment torn,
 " Threadbare, and ragged, overworn ;
 " But soon I patch'd it up again ;
 " These busy hands, this working brain, 125
 " Ne'er ceas'd from labour, pain, and sweat,
 " Till Fortune smil'd, and I was great.
 " Now at each pompous City feast
 " Who but Sir Tristram ? ev'ry guest
 " Respectful bows : in each debate 130
 " My nod must give the sentence weight :
 " On me prime ministers attend,
 " And —— and Aislabie's my friend :
 " In embryo each bold project lies
 " Till my consenting purse supplies. 135
 " This hand——nay do not think me vain,
 " Soften'd the Swede, and humbled Spain.
 " To me the fair, whom all adore,
 " Address their pray'rs, and own my pow'r :
 " When the poor toast by break of day 140
 " Has punted all her gold away,

" Undress'd, and in her native charms; wond'ring
 " She flies to these indulgent arms;
 " She curls each dimple in her face;
 " To win the good Sir Trifram's grace; 145
 " Offers her brilliants with a smile
 " That might an anchorit beguile;
 " And when my potent aid is lent,
 " Away the dear-one wheels content.
 " He that can money get, my boy! 150
 " Shall ev'ry other good enjoy:
 " Be rich, and ev'ry boon receive
 " That man can wish or Heav'n can give.
 " Now to the means, dear youth! attend,
 " By which thy sorrows soon shall end: 155
 " Thy good old aunt resolves to bail
 " Her hopeful godson out of jail;
 " But what is freedom to the poor?
 " The man who begs from door to door
 " Is free; in lazy wretchedness 160
 " He lives, till Heav'n his substance bless;
 " But having learn'd to cog and chouse,
 " To cut a purse, or break a house,
 " Then soon he mends his old apparel,
 " Eats boil'd and roast, and taps his barrel; 165
 " Drinks double hup with all his might,
 " And hugs his doxy ev'ry night:
 " Thy sprightly genius ne'er shall lie
 " Depress'd by want and penury;

" Go, with a prosp'rous merry gale, 170
 " To the South Seas advent'rous sail;
 " Fat Plenty dwells on those rich shores,
 " Abundance opens all her stores;
 " Ingots and pearls for beads are sold,
 " And rivers glide on sands of gold: 175
 " Profit and Pleasure, hand in hand,
 " Smile on the fields, and bless the land;
 " The swains unlabour'd harvests reap,
 " Fountains run wine, and whores are cheap.
 " Fortune is always true and kind, 180
 " Nor veers, as here, with ev'ry wind;
 " Not, as in these penurious isles,
 " Retailers her blessings and her smiles,
 " But deals by wholesale with her friends,
 " And gluts them with her dividends. 185
 " Then haste, set sail, the ship's unmoor'd,
 " And waits to take thee now on board."
 The youth o'erjoy'd this project hears,
 From his flock-bed his head he rears,
 And waters all his rags with tears, 190
 In short, he took his friend's advice,
 Pack'd up his baggage in a trice;
 Dancing for joy, on board he flew,
 With all Potofi in his view. 195

CANTO IV.

BEHOLD the youth just now set free
 On land, immur'd again at sea;
 Stow'd with his cargo in the hold,
 In quest of other worlds for gold.
 He who so late regal'd at ease,
 On olios, soups, and fricassees,
 Drank with the witty and the gay,
 Sparkling Champaign and rich Tokay,
 Now breaks his fast with Suffolk cheese,
 And bursts at noon with pork and pease;
 Instead of wine, content to sip,
 With noisy tars, their nauseous sip;
 Their breath with chew'd mundungus sweet,
 Their jests more fulsome than their meat.
 While thunder rolls and storms arise,
 He snoring in his hammock lies;
 In golden dreams enjoys the night,
 And counts his bags with vast delight;
 Mountains of gold erect his throne,
 Each precious gem is now his own;
 Kind Jove descends in golden fleet,
 Pactolus murmurs at his feet;
 The sea gives up its hoarded store,
 Possessing all, he covets more.

O Gold! attractive Gold! in vain
 Honour and conscience would restrain
 Thy boundless universal reign.
 To thee each stubborn virtue bends;
 The man oblig'd betrays his friends;
 The patriot quits his country's cause;
 And sells her liberty and laws;
 The pious prude's no longer nice;
 And ev'n lawn sleeves can flatter vice.
 At thy too absolute command
 Thy zealots ransack sea and land
 Where'er thy beams their pow'r display,
 The swarming insects haste away,
 To bask in thy resurgent ray.

Now the bold crew, with prosperous wind,
 Leave the retreating land behind;
 Fearless they quit their native shore,
 And Albion's cliffs are seen no more;
 Then on the wide Atlantic borne,
 Their rigging and their tackle torn,
 Danger in various shapes appears,
 Sudden alarms, and shiv'ring fears,
 Here might some copious bard dilate,
 And show fierce Neptune drawn in state,
 While guards of Tritons clear his way,
 And Nereids round his chariot play;
 Then bid the stormy Boreas rise,
 And forked lightning cleave the skies,

The ship, nigh found'ring in the deep,
 Or bounding o'er the ridgy sleep;
 Describe the monsters of the main,
 The Phocæ, and their finny train,
 Tornados, hurricanes, and rain,
 Spouts, shoals, and rocks of dreadful size,
 And pirates lurking for their prize;
 Amazing miracles rehearse,
 And turn all Dampier into verse:
 My negligent and humble Muse
 Less ambitious aims pursues;
 Content with more familiar phrase,
 Nor deals in such embroider'd lays;
 Pleas'd if my rhyme just measure keeps,
 And stretch'd at ease my reader sleeps.
 Hibernian matrons thus of old,
 Their soporific stories told,
 To sleep in vain the patient strove,
 Perplex'd with bus'ness, cross'd in love,
 Till soothing tales becam'd his breast,
 And lull'd his troubled soul to rest.
 Suffice it only to recite,
 They drank all day, they snor'd all night;
 And after many moons were past,
 They made the wish'd-for shores at last.
 Frank, with his cargo in his hand,
 Leap'd joyful on the golden strand;
 Open'd his toyshop in the port,
 Trinkets of various size and sort;

Bracelets and combs, bodkins and tweezers,
 Bath-metal rings, and knives, and scissars;
 And in one lucky day got more
 Than Bubble-boy in half a score: 85
 For Fortune now, no longer coy,
 Smil'd on her darling fav'rite boy;
 No longer from his arms retir'd,
 But gave him all his heart desir'd.
 Ah! thoughtless Youth! in time beware, 90
 And shun the treach'rous harlot's snare;
 The wiser savages behold,
 Who truck not liberty for gold!
 Proof against all her subtle wiles,
 Regardless of her frowns or smiles; 95
 If frugal Nature want supplies,
 The lance or dart unerring flies:
 The mountain boar their prey descends,
 Or the fat kid regales their friends;
 The jocund tribe, from sun to sun,
 Feast on the prize their valour won.
 Cease, babbling Muse! thy vain advice,
 'Tis thrown away on avarice:
 Bid hungry lions quit their prey,
 Or streams that down the mountains stray
 Divert their course, return again,
 And climb the steep from whence they came.
 Unless'd with his ill-gotten store,
 Th' insatiate youth still craves for more;

To counsel deaf, t' examples blind;
 Scrapes up whatever he can find,
 Now master of a vessel grown,
 With all the glitt'ring freight his own,
 'To Fortune still he makes his court,
 And coasts along from port to port, 111
 Each rolling tide brings fresh supplies,
 And heaps on heaps delight his eyes,
 Thro' Panama's delicious bay
 The loaded vessel ploughs her way;
 With the rich freight oppress'd she sails, 120
 And summons all the friendly gales,
 Frank on her deck triumphant stood,
 And view'd the calm transparent flood:
 "Let book-learn'd sots," said he, "adore
 "Th' aspiring hills that grace thy shore; 125
 "Thy verdant isles, the groves that bow
 "Their nodding heads, and shade thy brow;
 "Thy face serene, thy gentle breast;
 "Where Syrens sing and Halcyons rest;
 "Propitious Flood! on me bestow 130
 "The treasures of thy depths below,
 "Which long in thy dark womb have slept,
 "From age to age securely kept."
 Scarce had he spoke, when, strange surprise!
 Th' indignant waves in mountains rise, 135
 And hurricanes invade the skies;

The ship against the shoals was struck,
 And in a thousand pieces broke;
 But one poor trusty plank, to save
 Its owner from the wat'ry grave: 140
 On this he mounts, is cast on shore,
 Half dead, a bankrupt as before:
 Spiritless, fainting, and alone,
 On the bare beach he makes his moan;
 Then climbs the ragged rocks, t' explore 145
 If aught was driving to the shore,
 The poor remains of all his store,
 With greedy diligence prepar'd
 To save whate'er the waves had spar'd. 150
 But, oh! the wretch expects in vain
 Compassion from the furious main;
 Men, goods, are sunk. Mad with despair
 He beat his breast, he tore his hair;
 Then leaning o'er the craggy steep,
 Look'd down into the boiling deep, 155
 Almost resolv'd to cast himself,
 And perish with his dear, dear self. 157

CANTO V.

If Heav'n the thriving trader bless,
 What fawning crowds about him press!
 But if he fail, distress'd and poor,
 His mob of friends are seen no more:

For all men hold it meet to fly
 Th' infectious breath of Poverty;
 Poor Frank, deserted and forlorn,
 Curses the day that he was born:
 Each treach'rous crony hides his face,
 Or starts whene'er he haunts the place.
 His wealth thus lost, with that his friends,
 On Fortune still the youth depends:
 One smile, said he, can soon restore
 A bankrupt wretch, and give him more;
 She will not, sure, refuse her aid.
 Fallacious hope! for the false jade
 That very day took wing, was flown,
 And on her wonted journey gone
 (Intent her costly goods to sell)
 From Panama to Portobel*:
 Five hundred mules her baggage bear,
 And groan beneath the precious ware,
 The goddess rides sublime in air;
 And hence conveys a fresh supply
 For pride, debate, and luxury.
 Frank, when he heard th' unwelcome news,
 Like a stanch hound, the chase pursues,
 Takes the same rout, doubles his speed,
 Nor doubts her help in time of need.

O'er the wide waste, thro' pathless ways,
 The solitary pilgrim strays;

* This is the road the King of Spain's treasure is carried over the isthmus of Darien.

Now on the swampy desert plain,
 Thro' brakes of mangroves * works with pain,
 Then climbs the hills with many a groan,
 And melts beneath the Torrid zone. 35
 With berries and green plantains fed,
 On the parch'd earth he leans his head;
 Fainting with thirst, to Heav'n he cries,
 But finds no stream but from his eyes.
 Ah, Wretch! thy vain laments forbear, 40
 And for a worse extreme prepare:
 Sudden the low'ring storms arise,
 The bursting thunder rends the skies,
 Assant the ruddy lightning flies, 45
 Darts thro' the gloom a transient ray,
 And gives a short but dreadful day;
 With pealing rain the woods resound,
 Convulsions shake the solid ground;
 Benumb'd with cold, but more with fear,
 Strange phantoms to his mind appear, 50
 The wolves around him howl for food,
 The rav'nous tigers hunt for blood,
 And Cannibals, more fierce than they,
 (Monsters who make mankind their prey)
 Riot and feast on human gore, 55
 And, still insatiate, thirst for more.
 Half dead, at ev'ry noise he hears
 His fancy multiplies his fears;

* A sort of brier in the West Indies, very troublesome to travellers.

Whate'er he read or heard of old,
 Whate'er his nurse or Crusoe told,
 Each tragic scene his eyes behold:
 Things past as present fear applies,
 Their pains he bears, their deaths he dies.

At length the sun began to peep,
 And gild the surface of the deep,
 Then on the reeking moisture fed,
 The scatter'd clouds before him fled,
 The rivers shrunk into their bed:
 Nature revives; the feather'd throng
 Salute the morning with a song.
 Frank with his fellow-brutes arose,
 Yet dreaming still he saw his foes,
 Reels to and fro, laments and grieves,
 And, starting, doubts if yet he lives.
 At last his spirits mend their pace,
 And Hope sat dawning on his face;
 "Ev'n such is human life," said he,
 "A night of dread and misery,
 "Till Heav'n relents, relieves our pain,
 "And sunshine days return again.
 "O Fortune! who dost now bestow,
 "Frowning, this bitter cup of woe,
 "Do not thy faithful slave destroy,
 "But give th' alternative of joy."
 Then many a painful step he takes,
 O'er hills and vales, thro' woods and brakes;

No sturdy desp'rate Buccaneer
 E'er suffer'd hardships more severe;
 Stubborn, incorrigibly blind,
 No dangers can divert his mind;
 His tedious journey he pursues,
 At last his eye transported views
 Fair Portobel, whose rising spires
 In flame his heart with new desires.
 Secure of Fortune's grace, he smiles,
 And flatt'ring hopes the wretch beguiles.
 Tho' nature calls for sleep and food,
 Yet stronger avarice subdu'd;
 Ev'n shameful nakedness and pain,
 And thirst and hunger, plead in vain:
 No rest he gives his weary feet,
 Fortune he seeks from street to street;
 Careful in ev'ry corner pries,
 Now here, now there, impatient flies,
 Wherever busy crowds resort,
 The Change, the market, and the port;
 In vain he turns his eyeballs round,
 Fortune was no where to be found;
 The jilt, not many hours before,
 With the Plate-fleet had left the shore;
 Laughs at the cred'ulous fool behind,
 And joyful scuds before the wind;
 Poor Frank forsaken on the coast,
 All his fond hopes at once are lost.

Aghast the swelling sails he views,
 And with his eye the fleet pursues,
 Till, lessen'd to his weary'd sight,
 It leaves him to despair and night.
 So when the faithless Theseus fled
 The Cretan nymph's deserted bed,
 Awak'd, at distance on the main,
 She view'd the prosp'rous perjur'd swain,
 And call'd th' avenging gods in vain,
 Prostrate on earth till break of day,
 Senseless and motionless he lay,
 Till tears at last find out their way;
 Gush like a torrent from his eyes,
 In bitterness of soul he cries,
 "O, Fortune! now too late I see,
 "Too late, alas! thy treachery.
 "Wretch that I am! abandon'd, lost,
 "About the world at random tost,
 "Whither, oh! whither shall I run?
 "Sore pinch'd with hunger, and undone,
 "In the dark mines go hide thy head
 "Accurs'd, exchange thy sweat for bread;
 "Skulk under ground, in earth's dark womb
 "Go slave, and dig thyself a tomb:
 "There's gold enough; pernicious gold!
 "To which long since thy peace was sold;
 "Vain helpless idol! canst thou save
 "This shatter'd carcass from the grave?

" Restless disturber of mankind,
 " Canst thou give health or peace of mind?
 " Oh! no; deceiv'd the fool shall be
 " Who puts his confidence in thee.
 " Fatally blind, my native home
 " I left, in this rude world to roam;
 " O, brother! shall I view no more
 " Thy peaceful bow'rs? fair Albion's shore?
 " Yes (if kind Heav'n my life shall spare)
 " Some happy moments yet I'll share
 " In thy delightful blest retreat,
 " With thee condemn the rich and great;
 " Redeem my time mispent, and wait
 " Till death relieve th' unfortunate."
 Adversity! sage useful guest,
 Severe instructor, but the best,
 It is from thee alone we know
 Justly to value things below;
 Right reason's ever faithful friend,
 To thee our haughty passions bend;
 Tam'd by thy rod, poor Frank at last
 Repents of all his follies past;
 Relign'd, and patient to endure
 Those ills which Heav'n alone can cure.
 With vain pursuits and labours worn,
 He meditates a quick return,
 Longs to revisit yet once more,
 Poor prodigal! his native shore.

And leaves the land behind

In the next ship for Britain bound;
 Glad Frank a ready passage found;
 Nor vessel now nor freight his own;
 He fears no longer Fortune's frown;
 No property but life his share,
 Life, a frail good, not worth his care;
 Active and willing to obey,
 A merry mariner and gay,
 He hands the sails, and jokes all day.
 At night no dreams disturb his rest,
 No passions riot in his breast,
 For having nothing left to lose,
 Sweet and unbroken his repose;
 And now fair Albion's cliffs are seen,
 And hills with fruitful herbage green;
 His heart beats quick, the joy that ties
 His salt'ring tongue bursts from his eyes;
 At length thus hail'd the well-known land,
 And, kneeling, kiss'd the happy strand,
 "And do I then draw native air
 "After an age of toil and care?
 "O welcome parent Isle! no more
 "The vagrant shall desert thy shore;
 "But, flying to thy kind embrace,
 "Here end his life's laborious race."
 So when the flag, intent to rove,
 Quits the safe park and sheltering grove,
 Tops the high pale, strolls unconfin'd,
 And leaves the lazy herd behind,

Bless'd in his happy change a while,
 Corn fields and flow'ry meadows smile,
 The pamper'd beast enjoys the spoil,
 Till on the next returning morn,
 Alarm'd, he hears the fatal horn,
 Before the stanch bloodthirsty hounds,
 Panting, o'er hills unknown he bounds,
 With clamour ev'ry wood rebounds:
 He creeps the thorny brakes with pain,
 He seeks the distant stream in vain,
 And now, by sad experience wise,
 To his dear home the rambler flies;
 His old inclosure gains once more,
 And joins the herd he leorn'd before.
 Nor are his labours finish'd yet,
 Hunger and thirst, and pain and sweat,
 And many a tedious mile remains
 Before his brother's house he gains.
 Without one doit his purse to bless,
 Nor very elegant his dress,
 With a tarr'd jump, a crooked bat,
 Scarce one whole shoe, and half a hat,
 From door to door the stroller skip'd,
 Sometimes reliev'd; but oft ner whipp'd;
 Sunburnt and ragged, on he fares,
 At last the mansionhouse appears,
 Timely relief for all his cares.

Around he gaz'd, his greedy sight
 Devours each object with delight,
 Thro' each known haunt transported roves,
 Gay smiling fields and shady groves,
 Once conscious of his youthful loves,
 About the hospitable gate
 Crowds of dejected wretches wait;
 Each day kind Bob's diffusive hand
 Cheer'd and refresh'd the tatter'd band,
 Proud the most godlike joy to share,
 He fed the hungry, cloath'd the bare,
 Frank amongst these his station chose,
 With looks revealing inward woes;
 When, lo! with wonder and surprise,
 He saw Dame Fortune in disguise;
 He saw, but scarce believ'd his eyes,
 Her fawning smiles, her tricking air
 Th' egregious hypocrite declare;
 A gipsy's mantle round her spread,
 Of various dye, white, yellow, red;
 Strange feats she promis'd, clamour'd loud,
 And with her cant amus'd the crowd;
 There ev'ry day impatient ply'd,
 Push'd to get in, but still deny'd;
 For Bob, who knew the subtle whore,
 Thrust the false vagrant from his door;
 But when the stranger's face he view'd,
 With no deceitful tears bedew'd,

His boding heart began to melt, and his world eddied;
 And more than usual pity felt, when he first saw him;
 He trac'd his features o'er and o'er, and yet he said
 That spoke him better born tho' poor, and he said
 Tho' cloath'd in rags, genteel his mien, and he said
 That face he somewhere must have seen: of his
 Nature at last reveals the truth;
 He knows and owns the hapless youth.
 Surpris'd and speechless, both embrace,
 And mingling tears o'erflow each face,
 Till Bob thus eas'd his lab'ring thought, 265
 And this instructive moral taught.

"Welcome, my brother! to my longing arms,
 "Here on my bosom rest secure from harms;
 "See Fortune there, that false delusive jade,
 "To whom thy pray'rs and ardent vows were paid;
 "She (like her sex) the fond pursuer flies, 271
 "But slight the jilt, and at thy feet she dies.
 "Now safe in port, indulge thyself on shore,
 "Oh! tempt the faithless winds and seas no more;
 "Let unavailing toils and dangers past, 275
 "Tho' late, this useful lesson teach at last,
 "True happiness is only to be found
 "In a contented mind, a body sound;
 "All else is dream, a dance on Fairy ground;
 "While restless fools each idle whim pursue, 280
 "And still one wish obtain'd creates a new,

"Like froward babes, the toys they have detest,

"While still the newest trifle pleases best;

"Let us, my brother, rich in wisdom's store,

"What Heav'n has lent enjoy, nor cover more; 283

"Subdue our passions, curb their fancy rage,

"And to ourselves restore the Golden Age." 287

"Welcome, my brother, to my longing arms;

"I'll be on my belov'd self secure from harms;

"The Fortune there, that still the honest joys, will give

"To whom the way is and ancient vow; were paid;

"She (like her sex) the fond pursuit does, and will give

"But slight the gift, and at thy feet the object give

"Now live in port, and let the world on thee, give

"Oh! temperate child, the winds and seasons more;

"Let us, my brother, rich in wisdom's store,

"The 'late, this useful lesson learn; and give

"The happiness, is only in the heart, and give

"In a content of mind, a happy land; and give

"All this is given, a dance on Fairy ground; and give

"While still the newest trifle pleases best; and give

"And still the newest trifle pleases best; and give

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TALES.

I. THE DEVIL OUTWITTED.

A VICAR liv'd on this side Trent,
Religious, learn'd, benevolent;
Pure was his life in deed, word, thought;
A comment on the truths he taught;
His parish large, his income small,
Yet seldom wanted wherewithal,
For against ev'ry merry tide
Madam would carefully provide.
A painful pastor, but his sheep,
Alas! within no bounds would keep;
A scabby flock, that ev'ry day
Run riot, and would go astray.
He thump'd his cushion, fretted, vex'd,
Thumb'd o'er again each useful text;
Rebuk'd, exhorted, all in vain;
His parish was the more profane:
The scrubs would have their wicked will,
And cunning Satan triumph'd still.
At last, when each expedient fail'd,
And serious measures nought avail'd,

It came into his head to try
 The force of wit and raillery.
 The good man was by nature gay,
 Could gibe and joke as well as pray;
 Not like some hide-bound folk, who chase
 Each merry smile from their dull face,
 And think pride zeal, ill-nature grace.
 At christ'nings and each jovial feast
 He singled out the sinful beast;
 Let all his pointed arrows fly,
 Told this and that, look'd very fly,
 And left my masters to apply.
 His tales were hum'rous, often true,
 And now and then set off to view
 With lucky fictions and their wit,
 That pierc'd where truth could never hit.
 The laugh was always on his side,
 While passive fools by turns deride;
 And, giggling thus at one another,
 Each jeering lout reform'd his brother,
 Till the whole parish was with ease
 Sham'd into virtue by degrees:
 Then be advis'd, and try a Tale,
 When Chrysoſtom and Auſtin fail.

II. THE OFFICIOUS MESSENGER.

A TALE.

MAN, of precarious science vain,
 Treats other creatures with disdain;
 Nor Pug nor Shock have common sense,
 Nor even Poll the least pretence,
 Tho' she prates better than us all,
 To be accounted rational.
 The brute creation here below,
 It seems, is Nature's puppetshow;
 But clockwork all, and mere machine,
 What can these idle gimcracks mean?
 Ye world-makers of Gresham Hall,
 Dog Rover shall confute you all;
 Shall prove that ev'ry reasoning brute
 Like Ben. of Bangor can dispute;
 Can apprehend, judge, syllogize,
 Or, like proud Bentley, criticize;
 At a moot point of odd disaster
 Is often wiser than his master:
 He may mistake sometimes, 'tis true;
 None are infallible but you.
 The dog, whom nothing can mislead,
 Must be a dog of parts indeed:
 But to my Tale; hear me, my friend!
 And with due gravity attend.

Rover, as heralds are agreed,
 Well-born, and of the setting breed,
 Rang'd high, was stout, of nose acute,
 A very learn'd and courteous brute.
 In parallel lines his ground he beat,
 Not such as in one centre meet;
 In those let blund'ring doctors deal,
 His were exactly parallel.
 When tainted gales the game betray,
 Down close he sinks, and eyes his prey:
 Tho' diff'rent passions tempt his soul,
 True as the needle to the pole
 He keeps his point, and panting lies,
 The floating net above him flies,
 Then, dropping, sweeps the flutt'ring prize.
 Nor this his only excellence:
 When surly farmers took offence,
 And the rank corn the sport deny'd,
 Still faithful to his master's side,
 A thousand pretty pranks he play'd,
 And cheerful eath command obey'd:
 Humble his mind tho' great his wit,
 Would lug a pig, or turn the spit;
 Would fetch and carry, leap o'er sticks,
 And forty such diverting tricks.
 Nor Partridge nor wife Gadbury
 Could find lost goods so soon as he;
 Bid him go back a mile or more,
 And seek the glove you hid before,

Still his unerring nose would wind it,
 If above ground was sure to find it;
 Whimp'ring for joy his master greet,
 And humbly lay it at his feet.

But hold—it cannot be deny'd
 That useful talents misapply'd
 May make wild work. It happ'd one day
 Squire Lobb, his master, took his way,
 New shav'd, and smug, and very tight,
 To compliment a neighb'ring knight;
 In his best trowsers he appears,
 (A comely person for his years)
 And clean white draw'rs, that many a day
 In lavender and rosecakes lay.
 Across his brawny shoulders strung,
 On his left side, his dagger hung;
 Deed-doing blade! a dreadful guest,
 Or in the field or at the feast.
 No Franklin * carving of a chine
 At Christide ever look'd so fine.
 With him obsequious Rover trudg'd,
 Nor from his heels one moment budg'd:
 A while they travell'd, when within
 Poor Lobb perceiv'd a rumbling din;
 Then warring winds, for want of vent,
 Shook all his earthly tenement.

* A substantial country gentleman in days of yore.

So in the body politic 80
 (For states sometimes, like men, are sick)
 Dark Faction mutters thro' the crowd,
 Ere bare-fac'd Treason roars aloud.
 Whether crude humours undigested
 His lab'ring entrails had infested, 85
 Or last night's load of bottled ale,
 Grown mutinous, was breaking jail;
 The cause of this his awkward pain
 Let Johnston or let H—th explain,
 Whose learned noses may discover 90
 Why Nature's stinkpot thus ran over:
 My province is th' effect to trace,
 And give each point its proper grace.
 Th' effect, O lamentable case!
 Long had he struggled, but in vain, 95
 The facious tumult to restrain:
 What should he do? Th' unruly rout
 Press'd on, and it was time, no doubt,
 T' unbutton, and to let all out.
 The Trowfers soon his will obey; 100
 Not so his stubborn draw'rs, for they,
 Beneath his hanging paunch close ty'd,
 His utmost art and pains defy'd:
 He drew his dagger on the spot,
 Resolv'd to cut the Gordian knot, 105
 In the same road just then pass'd by
 (Such was the will of Destiny)

The courteous curate of the place,
 Good-nature shone o'er all his face;
 Surpris'd the flaming blade to view,
 And deeming slaughter must ensue,
 Off from his hack himself he threw;
 Then without ceremony seiz'd
 The squire, impatient to be eas'd.
 "Lord! Master Lobb, who would have thought
 "The fiend had e'er so strongly wrought?
 "Is suicide so slight a fault?
 "Rip up thy guts, man! What—go quick
 "To hell? Outrageous lunatic!
 "But, by the blessing, I'll prevent
 "With this right hand thy soul intent."
 Then gripp'd the dagger fast. The squire,
 Like Peleus' son, look'd pale with ire,
 While the good man like Pallas stood,
 And check'd his eager thirst for blood.
 At last, when both a while had strain'd,
 Strength, join'd with zeal, the conquest gain'd:
 The curate in all points obey'd,
 Into the sheath returns the blade;
 But first th' unhappy squire he swore
 T' attempt upon his life no more.
 With sage advice his speech he clos'd,
 And left him (as he thought) compos'd.
 But was it so, Friend Lobb? I own
 Misfortune seldom comes alone;

Satan supplies the swelling tide,
 And ill on ill is multiply'd.
 Subdu'd, and all his measures broke,
 His purpose and intent mistook,
 Within his draw'rs, alas! he found 140
 His guts let out without a wound;
 For in the conflict straining hard,
 He left his postern gate unbarr'd;
 Most wofully bedawb'd, he moans
 His piteous case, he sighs, he groans, 145
 To lose his dinner and return
 Was very hard, not to be borne;
 Hunger, they say, parent of arts,
 Will make a fool a man of parts.
 The sharp-set squire resolves at last, 150
 Whate'er befel him, not to fast;
 He mus'd a while, chaf'd, strain'd his wits,
 At last on this expedient hits;
 To the next brook, with sober pace
 He tends, preparing to uncase, 155
 Straddling and mutt'ring all the way,
 Curs'd inwardly th' unlucky day.
 The coast now clear, no soul in view,
 Off in a trice his trowsers drew;
 More leisurely his draw'rs, for care 160
 And caution was convenient there;
 So fast the plaster'd birdlime stuck,
 The skin came off with ev'ry pluck.

Sorely he gall'd each brawny ham;
 Nor other parts escap'd, which shame
 Forbids a bashful Muse to name.
 Not without pain the work achiev'd,
 He scrubb'd and wash'd the parts aggriev'd;
 Then, with nice hand and look sedate,
 Folds up his draw'rs with their rich freight,
 And hides them in a bush, at leisure
 Resolv'd to fetch his hidden treasure
 The trusty Rover lay hard by,
 Observing all with curious eye.

Now rigg'd again, once more a beau,
 And matters fix'd *in statu quo*,
 Brisk as a snake in merry May,
 That just has cast his slough away,
 Gladsome he caper'd o'er the green,
 As he presum'd, both sweet and clean;
 For, oh! among us mortal elves,
 How few there are smell out themselves!
 With a mole's ear and eagle's eye,
 And with a bloodhound's nose, we fly
 On others' faults implacably;
 But where 's that ear, that eye, that nose,
 Against its master will depose?
 Ruddy Miss Prue, with golden hair,
 Stinks like a polecat or a bear,
 Yet romps about me ev'ry day,
 Sweeter, she thinks, than new-made hay.

Mijuan

Lord Plausible, at Tom's and Will's,
 Whose pois'nous breath in whispers kills,
 Still buzzes in my ear, nor knows
 What fatal secrets he bestows: 193
 Let him destroy each day a score,
 'Tis mere chance-medley, and no more.
 In fine, self-love bribes ev'ry sense,
 And all at home is excellence.

The squire arriv'd in decent plight, 200
 With rev'rence due salutes the knight.
 Compliments past, the dinner-bell
 Rung quick and loud, harmonious knell
 To greedy Lobb! Th' Orphéan lyre
 Did ne'er such rapt'rous joy inspire; 205
 Tho' this the savage throng obey,
 That hunger tames more fierce than they.
 In comely order now appear
 The footmen loaded with good cheer, 210
 Her ladyship brought up the rear.
 Simp'ring she lisps, "Your servant, Sir—"
 "The ways are bad, one can't well stir"
 "Abroad—or 't were indeed unkind"
 "To leave good Mrs. Lobb behind—"
 "She's well, I hope—Master, they say, 215
 "Comes on apace—How's Miss, I pray?"
 Lobb bow'd and cring'd; and, mutt'ring low,
 Made for his chair, would fain fall to.
 These weighty points adjusted, soon
 My lady brandishes her spoon. 220

Unhappy Lobb, pleas'd with his treat,
 And minding nothing but his meat,
 Too near the fire had chose his seat;
 When, oh! th' effluvia of his hum'
 Begin amain to scent the room;
 Ambrosial sweets, and rich perfume!
 The flick'ring footman stopp'd his nose;
 The chaplain too, under the rose,
 Made awkward mouths; the knight took snuff;
 Her ladyship began to huff;
 "Indeed, Sir John—pray, good my dear—
 "'Tis wrong to make your kennel here—
 "Dogs in their place are good; I own—
 "But in the parlour—foh!—he gone!"
 Now Rockwood leaves th' unfinish'd bone,
 Banish'd for failings not his own,
 No grace ev'n Fiddler could obtain,
 And fav'rite Virgin fawn'd in vain,
 The servants, to the stranger kind,
 Leave trusty Rover still behind;
 But Lobb, who would not seem to be
 Defective in civility,
 And, for removing of all doubt,
 Knitting his brows, bids him get out;
 By signs expresses his command,
 And to the door points with his hand.
 The dog, or thro' mistake or spite,
 (Grave authors have not set us right)

Fled back the very way he came, 250
 And in the bush soon found his game;
 Brought in his mouth the fav'ry load;
 And at his master's elbow stood;
 O Lobb! what idioms can express
 Thy strange confusion and distress,
 When on the floor the draw'rs display'd
 The fulsome secret had bewray'd;
 No traitor, when his hand and seal
 Produc'd his dark designs reveal;
 E'er look'd with such a hanging face
 As Lobb, half-dad at this disgrace. 260
 Wild-staring, thunder-struck, and dumb;
 While peals of laughter shake the room;
 Each fash thrown up to let in air,
 The knight fell backward in his chair;
 Laugh'd till his heartstrings almost break;
 The chaplain giggled for a week;
 Her ladyship began to call
 For hartshorn, and her Abigail;
 The servants chuckled at the door,
 And all was clamour and uproar;
 Rover, who now began to quake,
 As conscious of his foul mistake,
 Trusts to his heels to save his life;
 The squire sneaks home, and beats his wife. 274

(I have authors have not for want of)
 My lady's name is not in the list

III. THE INQUISITIVE BRIDEGROOM.

A TALE.

FRANK PLUM, a spark about the Town,
 Now weary of intriguing grown,
 Thought it advisable to wed,
 And chuse a partner of his bed,
 Virtuous and chaste—Aye, right—but where
 Is there a nymph that's chaste as fair?
 A blessing to be priz'd, but rare
 For continence penurious Heav'n
 With a too-sparing hand has giv'n;
 A plant but seldom to be found,
 And thrives but ill on British ground.
 Should our advent'rer haste on board,
 And see what foreign soils afford,
 Where watchful dragons guard the prize,
 And jealous Dons have Argus' eyes,
 Where the rich casket, close immur'd,
 Is under lock and key secur'd?
 No—Frank, by long experience wise,
 Had known these forts took by surprise;
 Nature in spite of art prevail'd,
 And all their vigilance had fail'd.
 The youth was puzzled—Should he go
 And scale a convent? would that do
 Is nun's flesh always good and sweet?
 Fly-blown sometimes, not fit to eat.

Then, if no motives could persuade,
 A golden show'r debauch'd the maid;
 The mistress truckled, and obey'd;
 To modesty a sham pretence
 Gain'd some, others impertinence,
 But most plain downright impudence:
 Like Cæsar, now he conquer'd all;
 The vassal sex before him fall;
 Where'er he march'd slaughter ensu'd;
 He came, he saw, and he subdu'd.
 At length a stubborn nymph he found,
 For bold Camilla stood her ground,
 Parry'd his thrusts with equal art,
 And had him both in tierce and quart:
 She kept the hero still in play,
 And still maintain'd the doubtful day.
 Here he resolves to make a stand,
 Take her, and marry out of hand.
 The jolly priest soon ty'd the knot,
 The luscious tale was not forgot;
 Then empty'd both his pipe and pot.
 The posset drunk, the stockings thrown,
 The candles out, the curtains drawn,
 And Sir and Madam all alone;
 "My dear," said he, "I strove, you know,
 "To taste the joys you now bestow,
 "All my persuasive arts I try'd,
 "But still reluctant you deny'd;

"Tell me, inexorable fair! how could you, that attack'd, forbear?"
 "How could you, that attack'd, forbear?"
 "Swear to forgive what's past," she cry'd;
 "The naked truth shan't be deny'd."
 He did; the baggage thus reply'd;
 "Deceiv'd so many times before
 "By your false sex, I rashly swore
 "To trust deceitful man no more."

IV. BACCHUS TRIUMPHANT.

A TALE.

"For shame," said Ebony, "for shame,
 "Tom Ruby! troth you're much to blame
 "To drink at this confounded rate,
 "To guzzle thus early and late!"
 Poor Tom, who just had took his whiff,
 And at the door his nacle met,
 Surpris'd and thunderstruck, would fain
 Make his escape, but, oh! in vain.
 Each blush, that glow'd with an ill grace,
 Lighted the flambeaux in his face;
 No loophole left, no flight pretence,
 To palliate the foul offence.
 "I own," said he, "I'm very bad—
 "A sot—incurably mad—
 "But, Sir—I thank you for your love,
 "And by your lectures would improve."

" Yet give me leave to say, the street is too wide "

" For conference is not so meet. "

" Here in this room—nay, Sir, come in, "

" Expose, chastise me for my sin; "

" Exert each trope, your utmost art, "

" To touch this senseless flinty heart. "

" I'm conscious of my guilt, 'tis true, "

" But yet I know my frailty too; "

" A slight rebuke will never do. "

" Urge home my faults—Come in, I pray— "

" Let not my soul be cast away. "

Wise Ebony, who deem'd it good

T' encourage by all means he could

These first appearances of grace,

Follow'd up stairs, and took his place.

The bottle and the crust appear'd;

And wily Tom demurely sneer'd.

" My duty, Sir! "—" Thank you, kind Tom! "—"

" Again an't please you! "—" Thank you! "—" Come—

" Sorrow is dry—I must once more— "

" Nay, Tom, I told you at the door

" I would not drink—what! before dinner?— "

" Not one glass more, as I'm a sinner— "

" Come, to the point in hand; is't fit "

" A man of your good sense and wit

" Those parts which Heav'n bestow'd should drown,

" A butt to all the fets in Town? "

"Why tell me, Tom—what fort can stand
 " (Tho' regular, and bravely mann'd)
 "If night and day the fierce foe plies
 "With never-ceasing batteries,
 "Will there not be a breach at last?"—
 "Uncle, 't is true—forgive what's past."
 "But if nor interest nor fame,
 "Nor health, can your dull soul reclaim,
 "Hast not a conscience, man? no thought
 "Of an hereafter? dear are bought
 "These sensual pleasures."—"I relent,
 "Kind Sir—but give your zeal a vent—"
 Then, pouting, hung his head; yet still
 Took care his uncle's glass to fill,
 Which as his hurry'd spirits sunk,
 Unwittingly, good man! he drunk.
 Each pint, alas! drew on the next,
 Old Ebony stuck to his text,
 Grown warm, like any angel spoke,
 Till intervening hiccups broke
 The well-strung argument. Poor Tom
 Was now too forward to reel home.
 That preaching still, this still repenting,
 Both equally to drink consenting,
 Till both brimful could swill no more,
 And fell dead drunk upon the floor.
 Bacchus, the jolly god, who fate
 Wide-straddling o'er his tun in state,

Close by the window side, from whence
 He heard this weighty conference,
 Joy kindling in his ruddy cheeks,
 Thus the indulgent godhead speaks :
 " Frail Mortals! know, reason in vain
 " Rebels, and would disturb my reign.
 " See there the sophister o'erthrown,
 " With stronger arguments knock'd down
 " Than e'er in wrangling schools were known
 " The wine that sparkles in this glass
 " Smooths ev'ry brow, gilds ev'ry face;
 " As vapours when the sun appears,
 " Farthence anxieties and fears :
 " Grave ermine smiles, lawn-sleeves grow gay,
 " Each haughty monarch owns my sway,
 " And cardinals and popes obey :
 " Ev'n Cato drank his glass; 't was I
 " Taught the brave patriot how to die
 " For injur'd Rome and liberty :
 " 'Twas I who with immortal lays
 " Inspir'd the bard that sung his praise.
 " Let dull unfociable fools
 " Loll in their cells and live by rules;
 " My votaries in gay delight
 " And mirth shall revel all the night;
 " Act well their parts on life's dull stage,
 " And make each moment worth an age."

V. THE NIGHT-WALKER RECLAIMED.

A TALE.

IN those blest'd days of jubilee,
 When pious Charles set England free
 From canting and hypocrisy,
 Most graciously to all restoring
 Their ancient privilege of whoring,
 There liv'd, but 't is no matter where,
 The son of an old cavalier;
 Of ancient lineage was the squire;
 A man of mettle and of fire;
 Clean-shap'd, well-limb'd, black-ey'd, and tall,
 Made a good figure at a ball,
 And only wanted wherewithal.
 His pension was ill paid and strait,
 Full many a loyal hero's fate;
 Often half-starv'd, and often out
 At elbows, an hard case; no doubt,
 Sometimes perhaps a lucky main
 Prudently manag'd in Long-Lane
 Repair'd the threadbare bean again;
 And now and then some secret favours,
 The kind returns of pious labours,
 Enrich'd the strong and vig'rous lover,
 His honour liv'd a while in clover:
 For (to say truth) it is but just,
 Where all things are decay'd but lust,

That ladies of maturer ages
 Give citron-water and good wages;
 Thus far Tom Wild had made a shift,
 And got good helps at a dead lift;
 But John, his humble meagre slave,
 One foot already in the grave,
 Hide-bound as one of Pharaoh's kine,
 With good Duke Numps was forc'd to dine;
 Yet still the thoughtful serious elf
 Would not be wanting to himself;
 Bore up against both tide and wind,
 Turn'd ev'ry project in his mind,
 And each expedient weigh'd, to find
 A remedy in this distress.
 Some god—(nay, Sir, suppose no less,
 For in this hard and knotty case,
 T' employ a god is no disgrace,
 Tho' Mercury be sent from Jove,
 Or Iris wing it from above)
 Some god, I say, inspir'd the knave
 His master and himself to save.

As both went supperless to bed
 One night (first scratching of his head)
 "Alas!" quoth John, "Sir, 'tis hard fare,
 To suck one's thumbs and live on air;
 To reel from pillar unto post,
 An empty shade, a walking ghost;

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To suck one's thumbs and live on air;

"To reel from pillar unto post,
"An empty shade, a walking ghost;

- "To hear one's guts make piteous moan,
 "These worst of duns, and yet not one,
 "One mouldy scrap to satisfy
 "Their craving importunity.
 "Nay—good your Honour, please to hear"
 (And then the varlet dropp'd a tear)
 "A project form'd in this dull brain
 "Shall set us all adrift again;
 "A project, Sir, nay, let me tell ye,
 "Shall fill your pockets and my belly.
 "Know then, old Gripe is dead of late,
 "Who purchas'd at an easy rate
 "Your manorhouse and fine estate.
 "Nay, stare not, Sir; by G—'t is true
 "The devil for once has got his due:
 "The rascal has left ev'ry penny
 "To his old maiden sister Jenny:
 "Go, clasp the dowdy in your arms,
 "Nor want you bread tho' she want charms:
 "Cajole the dirty drab, and then
 "The man shall have his mare again;
 "Clodhall is your's, your house, your rents,
 "And all your lands and tenements."
 "Faith, John," said he, (then lick'd his chops)
 "This project gives indeed some hopes:
 "But cursed hard the terms, to marry,
 "To stick to one, and never vary;

"And that one old and ugly too : 80

"Frail mortals! tell me what to do!"

"For that," said John, "trust me; my treat

"Shan't be one ill-dress'd dish of meat;

"Let but your Honour be my guest,

"Variety shall crown the feast." 85

"'Tis done," reply'd Tom Wild, "'t is done,

"The flag hangs out, the fort is won;

"Ne'er doubt my vigorous attacks,

"Come to my arms, my Sycorax *;

"Bold in thy right we mount our throne, 90

"And all the island is our own."

Well—forth they rode, both squire and John;

Here might a florid bard make known

His horse's virtues and his own; 95

A thousand prodigies advance,

Retailing ev'ry circumstance;

But I, who am not over-nice,

And always love to be concise,

Shall let the courteous reader guess

The squire's accoutrements and dress. 100

Suppose we then the gentle youth

Laid at her feet, all love, all truth;

Haranguing it in verse and prose,

A mount her forehead white with snows,

Her cheeks the lily and the rose; 105

* See Dryden's *Tempest*, altered from Shakespeare.

Her iv'ry teeth, her corall lips,
 Her well-turn'd ears, whose ruby tips
 Afford a thousand compliments,
 Which he, fond youth, profusely vents;
 The pretty dimple in her chin,
 The den of Love, who lurks within:
 But, oh! the lustre of her eyes
 Nor stars, nor moon, nor sun, suffice;
 He vows, protests, raves, and dies,
 Much of her breasts he spoke, and hair,
 In terms most elegant and rare;
 Call'd her the goddess he ador'd,
 And in heroic sustain soar'd:
 For tho' the youth could well explain
 His mind in a more humble strain,
 Yet Ovid and the wits agree
 That a true lover's speech should be
 In rapture and in simile.
 Imagine now all points put right,
 The fiddles and the wedding-night;
 Each noisy steeple rock'd with glee,
 And ev'ry bard sung merrily;
 Gay Pleasure wanton'd unconfin'd,
 The men all drunk, the women kind;
 Clodhall did ne'er so fine appear,
 Floating in posset and strong beer.

Come, Muse! thou flattern housewife, tell,
 Where 's our friend John? I hope he 's well;

Well! aye, as any man can be,
With Susan in the gallery. 135

Sue was a lass buxom and tight,
The chambermaid and favourite;
Juicy and young, just fit for man,
Thus the sweet dialogue began.

"Lard, Sir," quoth Sue, "how brisk, how gay,
"How spruce, our master look'd to-day!" 141

"I'm sure no king was e'er so fine,
"No sun more gloriously ean shine."

"Alas! my dear, all is not gold
"That glitters, as I have read of old;" 145

"And all the wise and learned say
"The best is not without allay."

"Well, Master John, name if you can
"A more accomplish'd gentleman:"

"Beside (else may I never thrive)
"The best good-natur'd squire alive." 150

(John shrugg'd and shook his head.) "Nay, sure,
"You by your looking so demure

"Have learn'd some secret fault; if so,
"Tell me, good John, nay, pr'ythee do," 155

"Tell me, I say, I long to know.
"Safe as thy gold in thy strong box,

"This breast the dark deposit locks,
"These lips no secrets shall reveal."

"Well—let me first affix my seal;" 160
Then kiss'd the soft obliging fair.

"But hold—now I must hear you swear,

"By all your virgin charms below, no es, 174

"No mortal e'er this tale shall know." 175

She swore, then thus the cunning knave, saw 165

With look most politic and grave, 170

Proceeds: "Why—faith and troth, dear Sue, 171

"This jewel has a flaw, 't is true; 172

"My master's gen'rous, and all that, 173

"Not faulty, but unfortunate." 174

"Why will you keep one in suspense? 175

"Why teeze one thus?"—"Have patience. 176

"The youth has failings, there's no doubt, 177

"And who, my Suky, is without? 178

"But should you tell—nay that I dread"— 179

"By Heav'n, and by my maidenhead— 180

"Now speak, speak quick."—"He who denies 181

"Those pouting lips, those roguish eyes, 182

"Must sure be more than man—I then know, 183

"My dearest, since you'll have it so, say 184

"My master Wild not only talks 185

"Much in his sleep, but also walks; 186

"Walks many a winter-night alone, 187

"This way and that, up stairs and down: 188

"Now, if disturb'd, if by surprise 189

"He's rous'd, and slumbers quit his eyes, 190

"Lord, how I tremble! how I dread 191

"To speak it! Thrice beneath the bed, 192

"Alas! to save my life I fled; 193

"And twice behind the door I crept, 194

"And once out of the window leap'd— 195

"No raging bedlam just got loose

"Is half so mad; about the house

"Frantic he runs; each eyeball glares,

"He raves, he foams, he wildly stares; 195

"The family before him flies,

"Whoever is o'ertaken diés.

"Opiates, and breathing of a vein,

"Scarce settle his distemper'd brain,

"And bring him to himself again; 200

"But if not cross'd, if let alone

"To take his frolic, and be gone,

"Soon he returns from whence he came,

"No lamb more innocent and tame." 205

Thus having gain'd her point, to bed

In haste the flick'ring gipfy fled;

The pungent secret in her breast

Gave such sharp pangs she could not rest:

Prim'd, charg'd, and cock'd, her next desire

Was to present, and to give fire. 210

Sleepless the tortur'd Susan lay,

Tossing and tumbling ev'ry way,

Impatient for the dawn of day,

So labours in the sacred shade,

Full of the god, the Delphic maid; 215

So wind, in hypocondries pent,

Struggles and heaves to find a vent;

In lab'rins intricate it roars,

Now downward sinks, then upward soars; 220

Th' uneasy patient groans in vain, 220
 No cordials can relieve his pain,
 Till at the postern gate, enlarg'd,
 The bursting thunder is discharg'd.
 At last the happy hour was come
 When call'd into her lady's room;
 Scarce three pins stuck into her gown,
 But out it bolts, and all is known.
 Nor idle long the secret lies,
 From mouth to mouth improv'd it flies,
 And grows amain in strength and size; 230
 For Fame, at first of pigmy birth,
 Walks cautiously on mother earth,
 But soon (as ancient bards have said)
 In clouds the giant hides her head.
 To council now the gossips went, 235
 Madam herself was president;
 Th' affair is banded *pro* and *con*,
 Much breath is spent, few conquests won:
 At length Dame Hobb, to end the strife,
 And Madam Blouse, the parson's wife, 240
 In this with one consent agree,
 That since th' effect was lanacy,
 If wak'd, it were by much the best
 Not to disturb him in the least;
 Ev'n let him ramble if he please; 245
 Troth 't is a comical disease;

The worst is to himself: when cold
 And shiv'ring he returns; then fold
 The vagrant in your arms; he'll rest:
 With pleasure on your glowing breast.
 Madam approv'd of this advice,
 Issued her orders in a trice,

"That none henceforth presume to stir,
 "Or thwart th' unhappy wanderer."

John, when his master's knock he heard,
 Soon in the dressing-room appear'd;
 Archly he look'd, and sily leer'd:
 "What game?" says Wild: "Oh! never more,
 "Pheasants and partridge in great store;
 "I wish your ammunition last!"

And then reveal'd how all had pass'd:
 Next thought it proper to explain
 His plot, and how he laid his train:
 "The coast is clear, Sir, go in peace;
 "No dragon guards the Golden Fleece."

Here, Muse! let fable Night advance,
 Describe her state with elegance;
 Around her dark pavilion spread
 The clouds; with poppies crown her head;
 Note well her owls, and bats obscene;
 Call her an *Æthiopian* queen;
 Or if you think 't will mend my tale,
 Call her a widow with a veil;

Of spectres and hobgoblins tell,
 Or say 't was midnight, it is as well.
 Well then—'t was midnight, as was said,
 When Wild starts upright in his bed,
 Leaps out, and, without more ado,
 Takes in his room a turn or two;
 Op'ning the door, soon out he stalks,
 And to the next apartment walks;
 Where on her back there lay poor Stephy,
 Alas! Friend John, she dream'd of you;
 Wak'd with the noise, her master known
 By moonlight and his brocade gown,
 Frighted she dares not scream; in bed
 She sinks, and down she pops her head;
 The curtains gently drawn, he springs
 Between the sheets, then closely clings.
 Now, Muse! relate what there he did
 Hold, impudence!—it must be hid—
 He did—as any man would do
 In such a case—did he not, Sue?
 Then up into the garret flies
 Where Joan, and Del, and Betty, lies;
 A leath' of lasses all together,
 And in the dog-days—in hot weather;
 Why, faith, 't was hard—he did his best,
 And left to Providence the rest;
 Content the passive creatures lie,
 For who in duty could deny?

Was nonresistance ever thought
 By modern casuists a fault;
 Were not her orders strict and plain?
 All struggling dangerous and vain?
 Well, down our younker trips again;
 Much wishing, as he reel'd along,
 For some rich cordial warm and strong
 In bed he quickly tumbled then;
 Nor wak'd next morn till after ten.
 Thus night by night he led his life;
 Blessing all females but his wife;
 Much work upon his hands there lay,
 More bills were drawn than he could pay;
 No lawyer drudg'd so hard as he;
 In Easter Term or Hillary;
 But lawyers labour for their fee;
 Here no self-interest or gain;
 The pleasure balances the pain;
 So the great Sultan walks among
 His troop of lasses fair and young;
 So the town-bull in opentide
 His lowing lovers by his side;
 Revels at large in Nature's right;
 Curb'd by no law but appetite;
 Frisking his tail, he roves at pleasure,
 And knows no stint, and keeps no measure.
 But now the ninth revolving moon
 (Alas! it came an age too soon;

Curse on each hasty fleeting night!) 330
 Some odd discov'ries brought to light,
 Strange tympanies the women seize,
 An epidemical disease;
 Madam herself with these might pass
 For a clean-shap'd and taper lass. 335
 'Twas vain to hide th' apparent load,
 For hoops were not then *à-la-mode*;
 Sue, being question'd, and hard press'd,
 Blubb'ring, the naked truth confess'd:
 "Were not your orders most severe,
 340
 "That none should stop his night-career?
 "And who durst wake him? troth not I;
 "I was not then prepar'd to die."
 "Well, Sue," said she, "thou shalt have grace,
 "But then this night I take thy place, 345
 "Thou mine, my night-clothes on thy head,
 "Soon shall he leave thee safe in bed;
 "Lie still, and stir not on thy life,
 "But do the penance of a wife;
 "Much pleasure hast thou had; at last 350
 "'Tis proper for thy sins to fast."
 This point agreed, to bed she went,
 And Sue crept in, but ill content.
 Soon as th' accustom'd hour was come,
 The youngker sally'd from his room, 355
 To Sue's apartment whipp'd away,
 And like a lion seiz'd his prey;

She clasp'd him in her longing arms,
Sharp-set, she sealed on his charms.

He did whate'er he could; but more
Was yet to do, *encore, encore!*

Fain would he now elope, the clasp
Him still, no bur, e'er stuck so fast.

At length the morn with envious light

Discover'd all: in what sad plight,

Poor man! he lay abash'd; for shame

He could not speak, nor ev'n a lame

Excuse was left. She, with a grace

That gave new beauties to her face,

And with a kind obliging air

(Always successful in the fair)

Thus soon reliev'd him from despair.

"Ah! gen'rous youth! pardon a fault

"No foolish jealousy has taught;

"Tis your own crime, open as day,

"To your conviction paves the way.

"Oh! might this stratagem regain

"Your love! let me not plead in vain;

"Something to gratitude is due,

"Have I not given all to you?"

Tom star'd, look'd pale, then in great haste

Slipp'd on his gown; yet thus at last

Spoke faintly, as amaz'd he stood;

"I will, my dear, be very good."

VI. THE HAPPY DISAPPOINTMENT.

A TALE.

IN days of yore, when belles and beaux
 Left masquerades and puppetshows,
 Deserted ombre and ballet,
 At Jonathan's to squeeze and sweat;
 When sprightly rakes forsook Champaign,
 The playhouse, and the merry main,
 Good Mother Weyburn and the stews,
 To smoke with brokers, stink with Jews;
 In fine, when all the world run mad,
 (A story not less true than fad)
 Ned Smart, a virtuous youth, well known
 To all this chaste and sober Town,
 Got ev'ry penny he could rally,
 To try his fortune in Change-Alley;
 In haste to loll in coach and fix,
 Bought bulls and bears, play'd twenty tricks,
 Amongst his brother lunatics,
 Transported at his first success,
 A thousand whims his fancy bless
 With scenes of future happiness,
 How frail are all our joys below!
 Mere dazzling meteors, flash and show!
 Oh, Fortune! false deceitful whore!
 Caught in thy trap with thousands more,

He found his rhino sunk and gone,
 Himself a bankrupt, and undone.
 Ned could not well digest this change,
 Forc'd in the world at large to range,
 With Babel's monarch turn'd to grass,
 Would it not break an heart of brass? 30
 'Tis vain to sob and hang the lip;
 One penny left, he buys a slip,
 At once his life and cares to lose;
 Under his ear he fits the noose;
 An hook in an old wall he spies,
 To that the fatal rope he ties: 35
 Like Curtius now, at one bold leap,
 He plung'd into the gaping deep,
 Nor did he doubt in hell to find
 Dealings more just, and friends more kind. 40
 As he began to twist and sprawl,
 The loosen'd stones break from the wall;
 Down drops the rake upon the spot,
 And after him an earthen pot:
 Reeling he rose, and gaz'd around,
 And saw the crock lie on the ground; 45
 Surpris'd, amas'd, at this odd sight,
 Trembling, he broke it in a fright,
 When, lo! at once came pouring forth
 Ingots, and pearls, and gems of worth: 50
 O'erjoy'd with Fortune's kind bequest,
 He took the birds, but left the nest;

And then, to spy what might ensue,
 Into a neighb'ring wood withdrew;
 Nor waited long; for soon he sees
 A tall black man stalk thro' the trees;
 He knew him by his shuffling pace,
 His threadbare coat and hatcher face;
 And who the devil should it be
 But sanctify'd Sir Timothy!
 His uncle by his mother's side,
 His guardian and his faithful guide.
 This driv'ling knight with pockets full,
 And proud as any Great Mogul,
 For his wife conduct had been made
 Director of the jobbing trade,
 And had most piously drawn in
 Poor Ned and all his nearest kin.
 The greedy fools laid out their gold,
 And bought the very stock he sold;
 Thus the kind knave convey'd their pelf,
 By *bocus pocus*, to himself;
 And to secure the spoils he got,
 Form'd this contrivance of the pot.
 Here ev'ry night and ev'ry morn,
 Devout as any monk new shorn,
 The prostrate hypocrite implores
 Just Heav'n to bless his hidden stores;
 But when he saw dear Mammon flown,
 The plunder'd hive, the honey gone,

No jilted bully, no bilk'd hack,
 No thief when beadles flay his back,
 No losing rook, no carted whore,
 No sailer when the billows roar,
 With such a grace e'er curs'd and swore:
 Then as he per'd upon the ground,
 And turn'd his haggard eyes around,
 The halter at his feet he spy'd,
 "And is this all that 's left?" he cry'd;
 "Am I thus paid for all my cares,
 My lectures, repetitions, pray'rs?
 "'Tis well—there 's something sav'd at least,
 "Welcome, thou faithful, friendly, guest;
 "If I must hang, now all is lost,
 "'Tis cheaper at another's cost;
 "To do it at my own expense
 "Would be downright extravagance."
 Thus comforted, without a tear,
 He fix'd the noose beneath his ear,
 To the next bough the rope he ty'd,
 And most heroically dy'd.
 Ned, who behind a spreading tree
 Beheld this tragi-comedy,
 With hearty curses rung his knell,
 And bid him thus his last farewell.
 "Was it not, Uncle, very kind
 "In me to leave the rope behind?

"A legacy so well bestow'd, no bill, no bill, no bill;
 "For all the gratitude I ow'd, no bill, no bill, no bill;
 "Adieu, Sir Tim.; by Heav'n's decree, no bill, no bill;
 "Soon may thy brethren follow thee, no bill, no bill;
 "In the same glorious manner fwing, no bill, no bill;
 "Without one friend to cut the string; no bill, no bill;
 "That hence rapacious knaves may know, no bill, no bill;
 "Justice is always sure, tho' slow." no bill, no bill.

VII. A PADLOCK FOR THE MOUTH.

A TALE.

JACK DIMPLE was a merry blade,
 Young, am'rous, witty, and well made;
 Discreet?—Hold, Sir,—say as I live,
 My friend, you're too inquisitive
 Discretion, all men must agree,
 Is a most shining quality;
 Which, like leaf-gold, makes a great show;
 And thinly spread sets off a bead:
 But, Sir, to put you out of pain,
 Our youngster had not half a grain;
 A leaky blab, rash, faithless, vain.
 The victories his eyes had won
 As soon as ere obtain'd were known;
 For trophies rear'd the deed proclaim,
 Spoils hung on high expose the same,
 And love is sacrific'd to fame.

Such insolence the sex alarms,
 The female world is up in arms;
 Th' outrageous Bacchantals combine,
 And brandish'd tongues in concert join
 Unhappy youth! where wilt thou go
 T' escape so terrible a foe?
 Seek shelter on the Lybian shore,
 Where tigers and where lions roar;
 Sleep on the borders of the Nile,
 And trust the wily crocodile;
 'Tis vain to stun a woman's hate,
 Heavy the blow, and sure as Fate.
 Phyllis appear'd among the crowd,
 But not so talkative and loud,
 With silence and with care suppress
 The glowing vengeance in her breast,
 Resolv'd by stratagem and art
 To make the saucy villain smart.
 The cunning baggage had prepar'd
 Pomatum of the finest lard,
 With strong astringents mix'd the mess,
 Alum, and vitriol, &c.
 Arsenic, and bole. But I want time
 To turn all Quincy into rhyme;
 'Twould make my diction too sublime.
 Her grandame this receipt had taught,
 Which Bendo from Grand Cairo brought,

An able styptic (as 't is said) 155
 To soder a crack'd maidenhead;
 This ointment being duly made,
 The jilt upon her toilette laid;
 The faunt'ring cully soon appears,
 As usual, vows, protests, and swears;
 Careless an opera tune he hums,
 Plunders her patchbox, breaks her combs,
 As up and down the monkey play'd,
 His hand upon the box he laid;
 The fatal box. Pleas'd with her wiles,
 The treacherous Pandora smiles;
 "What 's this?" cries Jack. "That box!" said she:
 "Pomatum; what else should it be?"
 But here 't is fit my reader knows
 'Twas March, when blust'ring Boreas blows,
 Stern enemy to belles and beaux,
 His lips were sore; rough, pointed, torn;
 The coral bristled like a thorn.
 Pleas'd with a cure so *à-propos*,
 Nor jealous of so fair a foe,
 The healing ointment thick he spread,
 And ev'ry gaping cranny fed.
 His chops begin to glow and shoot;
 He strove to speak, but, oh! was mute,
 Mute as a fish; all he could strain,
 Were some hoarse gutt'als forc'd with pain. 160

He stamps, he raves, he sobs, he sighs;
 The tears ran trickling from his eyes;
 He thought but could not speak a curse;
 His lips were drawn into a purse;
 Just like—like what?—why, like mine a—;
 Faith 't was an entertaining farce;
 Madam no longer could contain;
 Triumphant joy bursts out again;
 She laughs, she screams, the house is rais'd;
 Thro' all the street th' affair is blaz'd;
 In shoals now all the neighbours come;
 Laugh out, and press into the room;
 Sir Harry Fawdry and his bride,
 Miss Tulip deck'd in all her pride;
 Wife Madam Froth, and Widow Fable;
 Coquettes and prudes, a mighty fable;
 So great a concourse ne'er was shown;
 At Smithfield, when a monster's shown;
 When beats dance jigs with comely men,
 When witty Punch adorns the scene,
 Or frolic Pug plays Harlequin.
 In vain he strives to hide his head;
 In vain he creeps behind the bed;
 Ferreted thence, expos'd to view,
 The crowd their clam'rous shouts renew;
 A thousand taunts, a thousand jests;
 Stark dumb, the passive creature bears.

No perjur'd villain nail'd on high,
 And pelted in the pillory,
 His face besmear'd, his eyes, his chops,
 With rotten eggs and turnip-tops,
 Was e'er so maul'd. Phyllis, at last,
 To pay him for offences past,
 With sneering malice in her face
 Thus spoke, and gave the *coup de grace*:
 "Lard! how demure and how precise
 "He looks! silence becomes the wise!
 "Vile tongue! its master to betray,
 "But now the pris'ner must obey,
 "I 'ave lock'd the door, and keep the key.
 "Learn hence, what angry women can,
 "When wrong'd by that false traitor man,
 "Who boasts our favours, soon or late
 "The treach'rous blab shall feel our hate."

VIII. THE WISE BUILDER.

A TALE.

Wise Socrates had built a farm,
 Little, convenient, snug, and warm,
 Secur'd from rain and wind:
 A gallant whisper'd in his ear,
 "Shall the great Socrates live here,
 "To this mean cell confin'd?"

"The furniture 's my chieftest care,"
 Reply'd the sage; "here 's room to spare,
 "Sweet Sir! for I and you;
 "When this with faithful friends is fill'd
 "An ampler palace I shall build;
 "Till then this cot must do."

IX. THE TRUE USE OF

THE LOOKING-GLASS.

A TALE.

TOM CAREFUL had a son and heir,
 Exact his shape, genteel his air,
 Adonis was not half so fair:
 But then, alas! his daughter Jane
 Was but so-so; a little plain.
 In mam's apartment, as one day
 The little romp and hoyden play,
 Their faces in the glasse they view'd,
 Which then upon her toilette stood;
 Where, as Narcissus vain, the boy
 Beheld each rising charm with joy;
 With partial eyes survey'd himself,
 But for his sister, poor brown elf!
 On her the self-enamour'd chit
 Was very lavish of his wit.

She bore, alas! whate'er she could,
 But 't was too much for flesh and blood;
 What female ever had the grace
 To pardon scandal on her face?
 Disconsolate, away she flies,
 And at her daddy's feet she lies,
 Sighs, sobs, and groans, calls to her aid,
 And tears, that readily obey'd,
 Then aggravates the vile offence,
 Exerting all her eloquence:
 The cause th' indulgent father heard,
 And culprit summon'd soon appear'd;
 Some tokens of remorse he show'd,
 And promis'd largely to be good.
 As both the tender father prest
 With equal ardour to his breast,
 And smiling kiss'd, "Let there be peace,"
 Said he; "let broils and discord cease:
 "Each day, my children, thus employ
 "The faithful mirror; you, my boy,
 "Remember that no vice disgrace
 "The gift of Heav'n, that beauteous face:
 "And you, my girl, take special care
 "Your want of beauty to repair
 "By virtue, which alone is fair."

X. MAHOMET ALI-BEG;

OR, THE FAITHFUL MINISTER OF STATE.

A LONG descent and noble blood
Is but a vain fantastic good,
Unless with inbred virtues join'd,
An honest, brave, and gen'rous mind.
All that our ancestors have done,
Nations reliev'd and battles won,
The trophies of each bloody field,
Can only then true honour yield,
When, like Argyle, we scorn to qwe,
And pay that lustre they bestow;
But if, a mean degen'rate race,
Slothful we faint, and slack our pace,
Lag in the glorious course of fame,
Their great achievements we disclaim.
Some bold plebeian soon shall rise,
Stretch to the goal, and win the prize;
For since the forming Hand of old
Cast all mankind in the same mould;
Since no distinguish'd clan is blest
With finer porcelain than the rest;
And since in all the ruling mind
Is of the same celestial kind;
'Tis education shews the way
Each latent beauty to display;

Each happy genius brings to light,
 Conceal'd before in shades of night;
 So diamonds from the gloomy mine,
 Taught by the workman's hand to shine,
 On Cloe's iv'ry bosom blaze,
 Or grace the crown with brilliant rays;
 Merit obscure shall raise its head,
 Tho' dark obstructing clouds o'erspread;
 Heroes as yet unsung, shall fight
 For slaves oppress'd, and injur'd right;
 And able statesmen prop the throne,
 To Battle-Abbey Roll * unknown.

Sha Abbas, with supreme command,
 In Persia reign'd, and bless'd the land;
 A mighty prince, valiant and wise,
 Expert, with sharp discerning eyes,
 To find true virtue in disguise.
 Hunting (it seems) was his delight,
 His joy by day, his dream by night;
 The sport of all the brave and bold
 From Nimrod, who, in days of old,
 Made men as well as beasts his prey,
 To mightier George, whose milder way
 Glad happy crowds with pride obey.
 In quest of his fierce savage foes
 Before the sun the monarch rose,

* A record kept in Battle-Abbey, which contained the names of the chief men that came over with the Conqueror.

The grisly lion to engage,
 By baying dogs provok'd to rage;
 In the close thicket to explore,
 And push from thence the bristled boar;
 Or to pursue the flying deer
 While deep-mouth'd hounds the vallies cheer,
 And Echo from repeating hills
 His heart with joy redoubled fills.

Under a rock's projecting shade
 A shepherd boy his seat had made,
 Happy as Cræsus on his throne,
 The riches of the world his own:
 Content on mortals here below
 Is all that Heaven can bestow.
 His crook and scrip were by him laid;
 Upon his oaten pipe he play'd;
 His flocks securely couch'd around,
 And seem'd to listen to the sound.
 Returning from the chase one day,
 The king by chance had lost his way:
 Nor guards nor nobles now attend,
 But one young lord, his bosom friend.
 Now tir'd with labour, spent with heat,
 They sought this pleasant cool retreat;
 The boy leap'd active from his seat,
 And, with a kind obliging grace,
 Offer'd the king unknown his place.

The Persian monarch, who so late
 Lord of the world, rul'd all in state,
 On cloth of gold and tissue trod,
 Whole nations trembling at his nod,
 With diamonds and rubies crown'd,
 And girt with fawning slaves around,
 Behold him now! his canopy
 Th' impending rock, each shrub, each tree,
 That grew upon its shaggy brow,
 To their great princee observant bow;
 Yield, as in duty bound, their aid,
 And bless him with a friendly shade,
 On the bare flint he sits alone,
 And, oh! would kings this truth but own,
 The safer and the nobler throne!
 But where do I digress? 't is time
 To check this arrogance of rhyme.
 As the judicious monarch view'd
 The stripling's air, nor bold nor rude,
 With native modesty subdu'd,
 The blush that glow'd in all its pride,
 Then trembled on his cheeks, and dy'd,
 He grew inquisitive to trace
 What soul dwelt in that lovely case:
 To ev'ry question, serious, gay,
 The youth reply'd without delay,
 His answers for the most part right,
 And taking, if not apposite;

Unstudy'd unaffected sense
 Mix'd with his native diffidence.
 The king was charm'd with such a prize,
 And stood with wonder in his eyes;
 Commits his treasure to the care
 Of the young lord; bids him not spare
 For cost, or pains, to enrich his breast
 With all the learning of the East.
 He bow'd, obey'd; well cloth'd, well fed,
 And with his patron's children bred,
 Still ev'ry day the youth improv'd,
 By all admir'd, by all belov'd.

Now the first curling down began
 To give the promise of a man;
 To court he's call'd, employ'd, and train'd,
 In lower posts; yet still he gain'd
 By candour, courtesy, and skill,
 The subjects' love, the king's good-will.
 Employ'd in greater matters now,
 No flatteries, no bribes, could bow
 His stubborn soul; true to his trust,
 Firm, and inexorably just,
 In judgment ripe, he soon became
 A Walpole, or a Walsingham;
 And wakeful for the public peace,
 No dragon guards the Golden Fleece
 With half that vigilance and care;
 His busy eyes kenn'd ev'ry where;

In each dark scheme knew how to dive,
 Tho' cunning dervises contrive,
 Their plots, disguis'd with shams and lies,
 And cloak'd with real perjuries.
 Now high in rank the peer is plac'd;
 And Ali Beg with titles grac'd;
 No bounds his master's bounties know,
 His swelling coffers overflow,
 And he is puzzled to bestow:
 Perplex'd and studious to contrive
 To whom, and how, not what to give,
 His pious frauds conceal the name,
 And skreen the modest man from shame.
 Whoe'er would heav'nly treasures raise,
 Must grant the boon, escape the praise.
 But his immense and endless gain
 No private charities could drain:
 On public works he fix'd his mind,
 The zealous friend of human-kind.
 Convenient inns on each great road
 At his own proper costs endow'd,
 To weary caravans afford
 Refreshment both at bed and board,
 From Thames, the Tiber, and the Rhine,
 Nations remote with Ali dine;
 In various tongues his bounty's blest,
 While with surprise the stranger guest
 Does here on unbought dainties feast.

See stately palaces arise,
 And gilded domes invade the skies;
 Say, Muse! what lords inhabit here
 Nor fav'rite eunuch, prince, nor peer;
 The poor, the lame, the blind, the sick,
 The idiot and the lunatic.
 He curb'd each river's swelling pride;
 O'er the reluctant murmur'ing tide
 From bank to bank his bridges slide;
 A thousand gracious deeds were done,
 Bury'd in silence and unknown.
 At length, worn out with years and care,
 Sha Abbas dy'd; left his young heir
 Sha Sefi, unexperienc'd, raw,
 By his stern father kept in awe,
 To the seraglio's walls confin'd,
 Barr'd from the converse of mankind.
 Strange jealousy! a certain rule
 To breed a tyrant and a fool.
 Still Ali was prime minister,
 But had not much his master's ear;
 Walk'd on unfaithful slipp'ry ground,
 Till an occasion could be found
 To pick a quarrel; then, no doubt,
 As is the mode at court—turn out!
 Sha Sefi, among eunuchs bred,
 With them convers'd, by them was led;

Beardless, half-men! in whose false breasts
 Nor joy, nor love, nor friendship, rests
 There spite and pining envy dwell,
 And rage as in their native hell;
 For, conscious of their own disgrace,
 Each excellence they would debase,
 And vent their spleen on human race.
 This Ali found. Strange senseless lies
 And inconsistent calumnies
 They buzz into the monarch's ears,
 And he believes all that he hears.
 "Great Prince," said they, "Ali, your slave—
 "Whom we acknowledge wise and brave—
 "Yet pardon us—we can't but see
 "His boundless pride and vanity;
 "His bridges triumph o'er each tide,
 "In their own channels taught to glide.
 "Each beggar and each lazy drone
 "His subject more than yours is grown,
 "And for a palace leaves his cell,
 "Where Xerxes might be proud to dwell.
 "His inns for travellers provide,
 "Strangers are lifted on his side,
 "In his own house how grand the scene!
 "Tissues and velvets are too mean;
 "Gold, jewels, pearls, unheard expense,
 "Suspected, bold, magnificent!

" Whence can this flood of riches flow?
 " Examine his accounts, you'll know the cause.
 " Your eye on your exchequer cast,
 " The secret will come out at last.
 Ali next morn'g (for 'twas his way)
 To rise before the dawn of day
 Went early to the council-board;
 Prostrate on earth, his king ador'd.
 The king, with countenance severe,
 Look'd sternly on his minister.
 " Ali," said he, " I have been told
 " Great treasures, both in gems and gold,
 " Were left, and trusted to your care;
 " 'Mong these one gem exceeding rare;
 " I long to view, which was (they said)
 " A present from the Sultan made;
 " The finest that the world e'er saw;
 " White, large, and fair, without a flaw.
 Th' unblemish'd Ali thus reply'd:
 " Great Sir, it cannot be deny'd
 " 'Tis brilliant, beautiful and clear,
 " The great Moghul's gift, as you may see.
 Please it your majesty to go
 " Into the treasury below,
 " You'll wonder at its piercing rays,
 " The sun gives not a brighter light.
 " Together now they all descend
 Poor Ali had no other friend

But a soul faithful to its trust,
 The sure asylum of the just;
 In proper classes now are seen
 The diamonds bright, the em'ralds green;
 Pearls, rubies, sapphires, next appear,
 Dispos'd in rows with nicest care;
 The king views all with curious eyes,
 Applauds with wonder and surprise
 Their order and peculiar grace;
 Each thing adapted to its place;
 The rest with envious leer behold,
 And stumble upon bars of gold;
 Next, in an amber box, is shown
 The noblest jewel of the crown;
 "This, Sir," said he, "believe your slave,
 "Is the fine gem the Sultan gave;
 "Around it darts its beams of light,
 "No comet e'er was half so bright."
 The king with joy the gem admires,
 Well-pleas'd, and half-convinced, retires.
 "Ali," said he, "with you I dine;
 "Your furniture, I'm told, is fine."
 Wife Ali, for this favour show'd,
 Humbly with lowest reverence bow'd.
 At Ali's house now every hand
 Is busy at their lord's command;
 Where at th' appointed hour resort
 The king and all his splendid court.

Ali came forth his prince to meet,
 And, lowly bowing, kiss'd his feet.
 On all his compliments bestows,
 Civil alike to friends and foes.
 The king, impatient to behold
 His furniture of gems and gold,
 From room to room the chase pursu'd,
 With curious eyes each corner view'd;
 Ran sack'd th' apartments o'er and o'er,
 Each cloister search'd, unlock'd each door;
 But all he found was plain and coarse,
 The meanest Persian scarce had worse:
 These Ali for convenience bought,
 Nor for expensive trifles sought.
 One door a prying eunuch spy'd,
 With bars and locks well fortify'd,
 And now, secure to find the prize,
 Shew'd it the king with joyful eyes.
 "Ali," said he "that citadel
 "Is strong, and barricadoed well;
 "What have you there?" Ali reply'd,
 "Oh! Sir, there's lodg'd my greatest pride;
 "There are the gems I value most,
 "And all the treasures I can boast."
 All now convinc'd of his disgrace,
 Triumph appear'd in ev'ry face.
 The monarch doubted now no more;
 The keys are brought, unlock'd the door,

When, lo! upon the wall appears his portrait;
 His shepherd's weeds hung up with care;
 Nor crook nor scrip was wanting there;
 Nor pipe that tun'd his humble lays,
 Sweet solace of his better days!
 Then, bowing low, he touch'd his breast,
 And thus the wond'ring king address'd:
 "Great Prince! your Ali is your slave,
 "To you belong what'er I have;
 "Goods, house, are your's, may your's this head;
 "For speak the word and I am dead;
 "These movables, and these alone,
 "I may with justice call my own;
 "Your royal fire, Abbas the Great,
 "Whom nations prostrate at his feet
 "On earth ador'd, whose soul at rest,
 "In Paradise a welcome guest
 "Enjoys its full in fragrant bow'rs,
 "Or wantons upon beds of flow'rs,
 "While the pure stream, in living rills,
 "From rocks of adamant distills;
 "And black-ey'd nymphs attend his nod,
 "Fair daughters of that bless'd abode;
 "By his command I left the plain,
 "An humble but contented swain;
 "Nor sought I wealth, nor power nor place;
 "All these were owing to his grace;
 "Such is the Paradise the Turks expect.

" 'Twas his mere bounty made me great,
 " And fix'd me here in this high seat,
 " The mark of envy: much he gave,
 " But yet of nought depriv'd his slave: 330
 " He touch'd not these: Alas! whose spite,
 " Whose avarice, would these excite!
 " My old hereditary right!
 " Grant me but these, great Prince! once more,
 " Grant me the pleasure to be poor, 335
 " This scrip, these homely weeds, I'll wear,
 " The bleating flocks shall be my care;
 " Th' employ that did my youth engage
 " Shall be the comfort of my age."

The king, amaz'd at such a scorn 340
 Of riches in a shepherd born;
 " How soars that soul," said he, " above
 " The courtier's hate or monarch's love!
 " No pow'r such virtue can efface,
 " No jealous malice shall disgrace. 345
 " Wealth, grandeur, pomp, are a mere cheat,
 " But this is to be truly great."
 While tears ran trickling down his face,
 He clasp'd him in a close embrace,
 Then caus'd himself to be undrest, 350
 And cloath'd him in his royal vest,
 The greatest honour he could give,
 Or Persian subjects can receive. 353

XI. THE BUSY INDOLENT.

A TALE.

JACK CARELESS was a man of parts,
 Well skill'd in the politer arts;
 With judgment read, with humour writ,
 Among his friends pass'd for a wit,
 But lov'd his ease more than his meat,
 And wonder'd knaves could toil and cheat,
 T' expose themselves by being great.
 At no levees the suppliant bow'd,
 Nor courted for their votes the crowd;
 Nor riches nor preferment sought,
 Did what he pleas'd, spoke what he thought;
 Content within due bounds to live,
 And what he could not spend to give;
 Would whiff his pipe o'er nappy ale,
 And joke, and pun, and tell his tale;
 Reform the state, lay down the law,
 And talk of lords he never saw;
 Fight Marlborough's battles o'er again,
 And push the French on Blenheim's plain;
 Discourse of Paris, Naples, Rome,
 Tho' he had never stirr'd from home.
 'Tis true he travell'd with great care
 The tour of Europe—in his chair;
 Was loath to part without his load,
 Or move till morning peep'd abroad.

One day this honest idle rake,
 Nor quite asleep nor well awake,
 Was lolling in his elbow-chair,
 And building castles in the air;
 His nipperkin (the port was good)
 Half empty at his elbow stood;
 When a strange noise offends his ear,
 The din increas'd as it came near,
 And in his yard at last he view'd
 Of farmers a great multitude,
 Who that day, walking of their rounds,
 Had disagreed about their bounds;
 And sure the diff'rence must be wide,
 Where each does for himself decide;
 Volleys of oaths in vain they swear,
 Which burst like guiltless bombs in air;
 And, "Thou'rt a knave!" and, "Thou'rt an oaf!"
 Is banded round with truth enough.
 At length they mutually agree
 His Worship should be referee,
 Which courteous Jack consents to be;
 Tho' for himself he would not budge,
 Yet for his friends an arrant drudge;
 A conscience of this point he made,
 With pleasure readily obey'd;
 And shot like lightning to their aid,
 The farmers, summon'd to his room,
 Bowing with awkward rev'rence come.

In his great chair his Worship sat,
 A grave and able magistrate
 Silence proclaim'd, each clack was laid,
 And flippant tongues with pain obey'd.
 In a short speech, he first computes
 The vast expence of law-disputes,
 And everlasting Chancery-suits.
 With zeal and warmth he rally'd then
 Pack'd juries, sheriffs, talefmen,
 And recommended in the close
 Good neighbourhood, peace, and repose.
 Next weigh'd with care each man's pretence,
 Perus'd records, heard evidence;
 Observ'd, reply'd, hit ev'ry blot,
 Unravell'd ev'ry Gordian knot;
 With great activity and parts
 Inform'd their judgments, won their hearts,
 And without fees or time mispent,
 By strength of ale and argument,
 Dispatch'd them home, friends and content.
 Trusty, who at his elbow sat,
 And with surprise heard the debate,
 Astonish'd, could not but admire
 His strange dexterity and fire,
 His wise discernment and good sense,
 His quickness, ease, and eloquence.
 "Lord! Sir," said he, "I can't but chide;
 "What useful talents do you hide!

"In half an hour you have done more
 "Than Puzzle can in half a score,
 "With all the practice of the courts,
 "His cases, precedents, reports;
 Jack with a smile reply'd, "Tis true,
 "This may seem odd, my friend, to you;
 "But give me not more than my due.
 "No hungry judge nods o'er the laws;
 "But hastens to decide the cause:
 "Who hands the oar, and drags the chain,
 "Will struggle to be free again.
 "So lazy men and indolent;
 "With cares oppress'd; and busied spent;
 "Exert their utmost power and skill;
 "Work hard; for what? why, to sit still:
 "They toil, they sweat, they want no fee;
 "For ev'n sloth prompts to industry:
 "Therefore, my friend, I freely own
 "All this address I now have shown
 "Is mere impatience, and no more;
 "To lounge and loiter as before.
 "Life is a span, the world an inn;
 "Here, Sirrah, t'other nipperkin.
 } Took after his fond mother Kate,
 } And shap'd too fine and delicate,
 } That with a face effeminate,
 } Was honest Numps, his younger brother,
 } Frank was the eldest, but the other was a sister.
 } Two twins at one, no is one is two.

XII. THE YEOMAN OF KENT.

A TALE.

A YEOMAN bold (suppose of Kent)
 Liv'd on his own, and paid no rent;
 Manur'd his own paternal land,
 Had always money at command
 To purchase bargains, or to lend,
 T' improve his stock, or help a friend:
 At Cressly and Poitiers of old
 His ancestors were bowmen bold,
 Whose good yew bows, and sinews strong,
 Drew arrows of a cloth-yard long;
 For England's glory strew'd the plain
 With barons, counts, and princes slain.
 Belov'd by all the neighbourhood,
 For his delight was doing good;
 At ev'ry mart his word a law,
 Kept all the shuffling knaves in awe.
 How just is Heaven, and how true,
 To give to such desert its due!
 'Tis in authentic legends said,
 Two twins at once had bless'd his bed;
 Frank was the eldest, but the other
 Was honest Numps, his younger brother,
 That with a face effeminate,
 And shape too fine and delicate,
 Took after his fond mother Kate,

A Franklin's daughter. Numps was rough,
 No heart of oak was half so tough,
 And true as steel, to cuff or kick,
 Or play a bout at doublestick,
 Who but friend Numps? while Frank's delight
 Was more, say they, to dance than fight;
 At Whitsontales king of the May,
 Among the maids brisk, frolic, gay,
 He tripp'd it on each holiday.
 Their genius diff'rent, Frank would roam
 To town; but Numps he staid at home.
 The youth was forward, apt to learn,
 Could soon an honest living earn;
 Good company would always keep,
 Was known to Falstaff in East-Cheap;
 Threw many a merry main, could bully,
 And put the doctor on his cully;
 Ply'd hard his work, had learn'd the way
 To watch all night and sleep all day.
 Flush'd with success, new rigg'd, and clean,
 Polite his air, genteel his mien;
 Accomplish'd thus in ev'ry part,
 He won a buxom widow's heart.
 Her fortune narrow; and too wide,
 Alas! lay her concerns, her pride;
 Great as a duchess, she would scorn
 Mean fare, a gentlewoman born;

Poor and expensive housewife's life, and husband's
 'Twas but the devil of a wife, who was a
 Yet Frank, with what he won by night, as soon as
 A while liv'd tolerably tight, as soon as
 And spouse, who sometimes sat till morning
 At cribbage, made a good return, as soon as
 While thus they liv'd from hand to mouth, which
 She laid a bantling to the youth, among
 But whether 't was his own or none, it is not
 My authors don't pretend to know, their genius
 His charge enhanc'd, it is also true, but
 A lying-in's expensive top, as soon as
 In cradles, whittles, spice-bowls, sack, as soon as
 Whate'er the wanton gossips lack, as soon as
 While scandal thick as hail shot flies, as soon as
 Till peaceful bumpers seal their eyes, as soon as
 Frank deem'd it prudent to retire, as soon as
 And visit the good man his friend, as soon as
 In the stagecoach he seats himself, as soon as
 Loaded with Madam and herself, as soon as
 In her right hand the coral plac'd, as soon as
 Her lap a China orange grac'd, as soon as
 Pap for the babe was not forgot, as soon as
 And lullaby's melodious note, as soon as
 That warbled in his ears all day, as soon as
 Shorten'd the rugged tedious way, as soon as
 Frank, to the mansionhouse now come, as soon as
 Rejoic'd to find himself at home; as soon as

Neighbours around, and cousins, went
 By scores, to pay their compliment.
 The good old man was kind, 't is true,
 But yet a little shock'd to view
 A squire so fine, a fight so new:
 But, above all, the lady fair
 Was pink'd, and deck'd beyond compare;
 Scarce a shrieve's wife at an assize
 Was dress'd so fine, so roll'd her eyes;
 And master too in all his pride,
 His silver rattle by his side,
 Would shake it oft', then shrilly scream,
 More noisy than the yeoman's team,
 With tassels and with plumes made proud,
 While jingling bells ring out aloud.
 The good old dame, ravish'd outright,
 Ev'n doted on so gay a sight;
 Her Frank, as glorious as the morn,
 Poor Numps was look'd upon with scorn.

With other eyes the Yeoman sage
 Beheld each youth; nought could engage
 His wary and discerning heart
 But sterling worth and true desert.
 At last he could no longer bear
 Such strange sophisticated ware;
 He cries, (enrag'd at this odd scene)
 "What can this foolish coxcomb mean,

"Who, like a pedler with his pack,
 "Carries his riches on his back?
 "Soon shall this blockhead sink my rents,
 "And alienate my tenements,
 "Which long have stood in good repair,
 "Nor sunk nor rose from heir to heir;
 "Still the same rent without advance
 "Since the Black Prince first conquer'd France:
 "But now, alas! all must be lost,
 "And all my prudent projects cross.
 "Brave honest race! is it thus then
 "We dwindle into gentlemen?
 "But I'll prevent this foul disgrace;
 "This butterfly from hence I'll chase."
 He saddles Ball without delay,
 To London town directs his way;
 There at the Heralds' office he
 Took out his coat, and paid his fee,
 And had it cheap, as wits agree:
 A lion rampant, stout and able,
 Argent the field, the border sable;
 The gay escutcheon look'd as fine
 As any new-daub'd country sign.
 Thus having done what he decreed,
 Home he returns with all his speed:
 "Here, son," said he, "since you will be
 "A gentleman in spight of me;

" Here, Sir, this gorgeous bauble take,
 " How well it will become a rake!
 " Be what you seem : this is your share;
 " But honest Numps shall be my heir;
 " To him I'll leave my whole estate,
 " Lest my brave race degenerate."

XIII. THE HAPPY LUNATIC.

TO DR. M——

A TALK.

WHEN saints were cheap in good Nol's reign,
 As sinners now in Drury-Lane,
 Wrapp'd up in mysteries profound,
 A saint perceiv'd his head turn round :
 Whether the sweet and sav'ry wind,
 That should have been discharg'd behind,
 For want of vent had upward fled,
 And seiz'd the fortress of his head,
 Ye sage Philosophers! debate;
 I solve no problems intricate,
 That he was mad to me is clear,
 Else why should he, whose nicer ear
 Could never bear church music here,
 Dream that he heard the bless'd above
 Chanting in hymns of joy and love?

Organs themselves, which were of yore
 The music of the scarlet whore,
 Are now with transport heard: In fine,
 Ravish'd with harmony divine,
 All earthly blessings he despises,
 The guest and fav'rite of the Skies:
 At last his too officious friends
 The doctor call, and he attends;
 The patient cur'd demands his fee.

"Curse on thy farting pills and thee,"

23

Reply'd the saint: "ah! to my cost

"I'm cur'd; but where 's the heav'n I lost?

"Go, vile deceiver, get thee hence,

"Who 'd barter Paradise for sense?"

Ev'n so bemus'd, (that is, possess'd)

With raptures fir'd, and more than bless'd,

In pompous epic, tow'ring odds,

I strut with heroes, feast with gods;

Enjoy by turns the tuneful quire,

For me they touch each golden lyre,

Happy delusion! kind deceit!

Till you, my friend, reveal the cheat:

Your eye severe traces each fault,

Each swelling word, each tinsel thought.

Cur'd of my frenzy, I despise

Such trifles, stripp'd of their disguise,

Convinc'd, and miserably wise.

XIV. THE SWEET-SCENTED MISER.

TELL me, my noble gen'rous friend,
 With what design, and to what end,
 Do greedy fools heap up with care
 That pelf which they want heart to share?
 What other pleasure can they know
 But to enjoy or to bestow?
 Acts of benevolence and love
 Give us a taste of heav'n above;
 We imitate th' immortal pow'rs,
 Whose sunshine and whose kindly show'rs
 Refresh the poor and barren ground,
 And plant a paradise around;
 But this mean sneaking avarice
 Is a collection of all vice,
 Where this foul weed but taints the place,
 Nor virtue grows, nor worth, nor grace;
 The soul a desert waste remains,
 And ghastly desolation reigns:
 But where will these grave morals tend?
 Pardon my zeal, dear courteous friend,
 The province of my humbler vein
 Is not to preach, but entertain.
 Gripe, from the cradle to the grave,
 Was good for nothing but to save;
 Mammon his god, to him alone
 He bow'd, and his short greed was known:

On his thumb-nail it might be wrote,
 "A penny sav'd 's a penny got."

This rich poor man was jogging down,
 Once on a time, from London town;
 With him his son, a handy lad,
 To dress his daddy—or his pad;
 Among his dealers he had been,
 And all their ready cash swept clean;
 Gripe, to save charges on the road,
 At each good house crammi'd in a load,
 With boil'd and roast his belly fill'd;
 And greedily each tankard swill'd;
 How savoury, how sweet, the meat,
 How good the drink, when others treat!

Now on the road Gripe trots behind,
 For weighty reasons, as you'll find;
 The boy soon long'd to take a whet,
 His horse at each sign made a set,
 And he spurr'd on with great regret:
 This the old man observ'd with pain,
 "Ah! son," said he, "the way to gain
 "Wealth (our chief good) is to abstain;
 "Check each expensive appetite;
 "And make the most of ev'ry mite;
 "Consider well, my child! oh, think
 "What numbers are undone by drink!
 "Hopeful young men, who might be great,
 "Die well, and leave a large estate."

- " But by lewd comrades led astray, b' mock'd and 55
 " Guzzling, piss all their means away. 56
 " Tom Dash, of parts acute and rare, 57
 " Can split a fraction to a hair; 58
 " Knows Wingate better than his creed, 59
 " Can draw strong ale or a weak deed; 60
 " By precedents a bond can write, 61
 " Or an indenture tripartite; 62
 " Can measure land, pasture, or wood, 63
 " Yet never purchas'd half a rood, 64
 " Whom all these liberal arts adorn, 65
 " Is he not rich as sheep new shorn? 66
 " The reason need not far be sought, 67
 " For threepence gain'd he spends a groat. 68
 " There's Billy Blowise, that merry fellow, 69
 " So wondrous witty when he's mellow; 70
 " Ale and mundungus, in despite 71
 " Of Nature, make the clown polite. 72
 " When those rich steams chase his dull head, 73
 " What flow'rs shoot up in that hot-bed! 74
 " His jests, when fogs his temples shroud, 75
 " Like the sun bursting thro' a cloud, 76
 " Blaze out, and dazzle all the crowd: 77
 " They laugh, each wag's exceeding gay, 78
 " While he, poor ninny! jokes away 79
 " By night whate'er he gets by day. 80
 " To these examples I might add 81
 " A squire or two, troth full as bad, 82

"Who doom'd by Heaven for their sins, "But by the
 "Mind nothing but their nipperkins; "Guzzling,
 "But these at this time shall suffice; "From the
 "Be saving, boy, that is, be wise; "Can you
 Now, Muse! come hold thy nose, and tell "Knowest
 What doleful accident befel: "Can draw
 His horse set hard, an ancient hack, "By pro-
 That twice ten years carry'd a pack, "Of an in-
 But such a cargo ne'er before; "Can ne-
 He had him cheap, and kept him poor; "Yet ne-
 His bowels stuff'd with too much meat, "Whom all
 He sat uneasy in his seat, "Is he not
 And riggled often to and fro, "The reason
 With painful gripings gnaw'd below, "For three
 His distance yet in hope to gain, "There's a
 For the next inn he spurs amain; "So wonder
 In haste alights, and scuds away, "Aid and
 But time and tide for no man stay; "The future
 No means can save whom Heav'n has curst, "Woe, W"
 For out th' impetuous torrent burst, "What flow
 Struck dumb, aghast at first he stood, "His loss,
 And scratch'd his head in pensive mood; "I like the
 But wisely judging 't was in vain "I like out,
 To make an outcry and complain, "They laugh,
 Of a bad bargain made the best, "While he,
 And lull'd his troubled soul to rest, "By night
 Back he return'd with rueful face, "The choice
 And shuffled thro' the house apace; "I have to

My landlady screams out in haste,

"Old gentleman, ho!—where so fast?"

"Before you go, pray pay your shot,

"This young man here has drunk a pot!"

"A pot!" said Gripe; "oh! the young rogue!"

"Ah! ruinous expensive dog!"

And mutt'ring curses in his ear,

Look'd like a witch with hellish leer;

But finding 't was in vain to fret,

Pull'd out his catkin, paid the debt.

This point adjusted, on they fare,

Ambrosial sweets perfume the air:

The younker, by the fragrant scent,

Perceiving now how matters went,

Laugh'd inwardly, could scarce contain,

And kept his countenance with pain.

"At last he cries, "Now, Sir, an't please,

"I hope you're better and at ease."

"Better, you Booby!—it is all out!"

"What's out?" said he. "You drunken lout!"

"All in my trowfers—Well—no matter—

"Not great—th' expense of soap and water!

"This charge—if times are not too hard,

"By management may be repair'd;

"But, oh! that damp'd confounded pot!

"Extravagant audacious sot;

"This, this indeed, my soul does grieve;

"There's twopence lost without retrieve!"

XV. THE INCURIOS BENCHER.

AT Jenny Mann's, where heroes meet,
 And lay their laurels at her feet,
 The modern Pallas, at whose shrine
 They bow, and by whose aid they dine,
 Col'nel Brocade among the rest
 Was ev'ry day a welcome guest.
 One night as carelessly he stood,
 Cheering his reins before the fire,
 (So ev'ry true-born Briton should)
 Like that he chaf'd and fum'd with ire:

"Jenny," said he, "it's very hard
 "That no man's honour can be spar'd;
 "If I but sup with Lady Duchess,
 "Or play a game at ombre, such is
 "The malice of the world, 't is said,
 "Altho' his Grace lay drunk in bed,
 "'Twas I that caus'd his aching head.
 "If Madam Doodle would be witty,
 "And I am summon'd to the City,
 "To play at blind-man's-buff, or so,
 "What won't such hellish malice do?
 "If I but catch her in a corner,
 "Humph—it is, Your servant Col'nel Horner:
 "But rot the sneering fops! if e'er
 "I prove it, it shall cost them dear;

"I swear by this deed-doing blade

"Dreadful examples shall be made:

"What—can't they drink bohea and cream,

"But (d—n them) I must be their theme?"

"Other men's bus'ness let alone,

"Why should not coxcombs mind their own?"

As thus he rav'd with all his might,

(How insecure from Fortune's spight,

Alas! is ev'ry mortal wight!)

To shew his ancient spleen to Mars,

Fierce Vulcan caught him by the a—,

Stuck to his skirts, insatiate varlet!

And fed with pleasure on the scarlet.

Hard by, and in the corner, sat

A Bencher grave, with look sedate,

Smoking his pipe, warm as a toast;

And reading over last week's Post;

He saw the foe the fort invade,

And soon smell'd out the breach he made;

But not a word—a little fly

He look'd, 't is true, and from each eye

A sidelong glance sometimes he sent,

To bring him news, and watch th' event.

At length, upon that tender part

Where honour lodges (as of old

Authentic Hudibras has told)

The blust'ring Col'nel felt a smart;

Sore griev'd for his affronted burn,
Frisk'd, skipp'd, and bounc'd about the room;
Then turning short, "Zounds, Sir!" he cries—

"Pox on him, had the fool no eyes?"
"What! let a man be burnt alive!"

"I am not, Sir, inquisitive"
(Reply'd Sir Gravity) "to know

"Whate'er your Honour's pleas'd to do;

"If you will burn your tail to tinder,

"Pray what have I to do to hinder?

"Other men's bus'ness let alone,

"Why should not coxcombs mind their own?"

Then knocking out his pipe with care,

Laid down his penny at the bar,

And wrapping round his frieze furtout,

Took up his crabtree and walk'd out.

TRANSLATIONS, &c.

IMITAT. OF HOR. LIB. IV. ODE IX.

Inscribed to the Right Hon.
JAMES STANHOPE, ESQ.

*One of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State,
afterwards Earl Stanhope.*

BORN near Avona's winding stream,
I touch the trembling lyre;
No vulgar thoughts, no vulgar theme,
Shall the bold Muse inspire.
'Tis immortality's her aim;
Sublime she mounts the skies,
She climbs the steep ascent to fame,
Nor ever shall want force to rise,
While she supports her flight with Stanhope's name.
What tho' majestic Milton stands alone
Inimitably great!
Bow low, ye Bards! at his exalted throne,
And lay your labours at his feet,
Capacious soul! whose boundless thoughts survey
Heav'n, hell, earth, sea;
Lo! where th' embattled gods appear,
The mountains from their seats they tear,
And shake th' empyreal heav'ns with impious war!

Yet nor shall Milton's ghost repine
 At all the honours we bestow 20
 On Addison's deserving brow,
 By whom convinc'd we own his work divine,
 Whose skilful pen has done his merit right,
 And set the jewel in a fairer light.
 Enliven'd by his bright Essay, 25
 Each flow'ry scene appears more gay,
 New beauties spring in Eden's fertile groves,
 And by his culture Paradise improves.
 Garth by Apollo doubly blest'd,
 Is by the god entire possess'd: 30
 Age, unwilling to depart,
 Begs life from his prevailing skill;
 Youth, reviving from his art,
 Borrows its charms and pow'r to kill:
 But when the patriot's injur'd fame, 35
 His country's honour, or his friends,
 A more extensive bounty claim,
 With joy the ready Muse attends,
 Immortal honours she bestows,
 A gift the Muse alone can give; 40
 She crowns the glorious victor's brows,
 And bids expiring virtue live.
 Nymphs yet unborn shall melt with am'rous flames
 That Congreve's lays inspire,
 And Philips warm the gentle swains 45
 To love and soft desire.

Ah! shun, ye Fair! the dang'rous sounds,
 Alas! each moving accent wounds,
 The sparks conceal'd revive again,
 The god restor'd resumes his reign
 In killing joys and pleasing pain.
 Thus does each bard in diff'rent garb appear,
 Each Muse has her peculiar air,
 And in propriety of dress becomes more fair:
 To each impartial Providence

Well-chosen gifts bestows;
 He varies his munificence,
 And in divided streams the heav'nly blessing flows.

II.

If we look back on ages past and gone,
 When infant Time his race begun,
 The distant view still lessens to our sight,
 Obscur'd in clouds, and veil'd in shades of night.
 The Muse alone can the dark scenes display,
 Enlarge the prospect and disclose the day:
 'Tis she the records of times past explores,
 And the dead hero to new life restores;
 To the brave man who for his country dy'd
 Erects a lasting pyramid,
 Supports his dignity and fame,
 When mould'ring pillars drop his name;
 In full proportion leads her warrior forth,
 Discovers his neglected worth,

Brightens his deeds, by envions rust o'ercast;
 T' improve the present age, and vindicate the past,
 Did not the Muse our crying wrongs repeat,
 Ages to come no more should know
 Of Lewis by oppression great
 Than we of Nimrod now:
 The meteor should but blaze and die,
 Depriv'd of the reward of endless infamy,
 Ev'n that brave chief who set the nations free,
 The greatest name the world can boast,
 Without the Muse's aid shall be
 Sunk in the tide of time, and in oblivion lost.
 The sculptor's hand may make the marble live,
 Or the bold pencil trace
 The wonders of that lovely face,
 Where ev'ry charm and ev'ry grace
 That man can wish or Heav'n can give,
 In happy union join'd, confess
 The hero born to conquer and to bless.
 Yet vain, alas! is ev'ry art,
 Till the great work the Muse complete,
 And everlasting fame impart,
 That soars aloft above the reach of fate.
 Hail, happy bard! on whom the gods bestow
 A genius equal to the vast design,
 Whose thoughts sublime in easy numbers flow,
 While Marlborough's virtues animate each line.

How shall our trembling souls survey
 The horrors of each bloody day;
 The wreaking carnage of the plain
 Incumber'd with the mighty slain,
 The strange variety of death,
 And the sad murmurs of departing breath;
 Scamander's streams shall yield to Danube's flood,
 To the dark bosom of the deep pursu'd
 By fiercer flames, and stain'd with nobler blood.
 The gods shall arm on either side,
 Th' important quarrel to decide;
 The grand event embroil th' realms above,
 And Faction, rebel in the court of Jove;
 While heav'n and earth, and sea and air,
 Shall feel the mighty shock and labour of the war.

III.
 Virtue conceal'd obscurely dies,
 Lost in the mean disguise
 Of abject sloth, depress'd, unknown,
 Rough in its native bed the unwrought diamond lies,
 Till chance or art reveal its worth,
 And call its latent glories forth;
 But when its radiant charms are view'd,
 Becomes the idol of the crowd,
 And adds new lustre to the monarch's crown.
 What British harp can lie unstrung,
 When Stanhope's fame demands a song

Upward, ye Muses! take your wanton flight, How
 Tune ev'ry lyre to Stanhope's praise, The hero's
 Exert your most triumphant lays, The wreath
 Nor suffer such heroic deeds to sink in endless night.
 The golden Tagus shall forget to flow, 130
 And Ebro leave its channel dry, And the sad
 Ere Stanhope's name to time shall bow, 'rebu
 And lost in dark oblivion lie, To the dark
 Where shall the Muse begin her airy flight? By her
 Where first direct her dubious way, 's least abo- 135
 Lost in variety of light, 's important
 And dazzled in excess of day? The grand
 Wisdom and valour, probity and truth, And
 At once upon the lab'ring fancy throng, While heav'
 The conduct of old age, the fire of youth, 140
 United in one breast perplex the poet's song.
 Those virtues which dispers'd and rare
 The gods too thriftily bestow'd, 's often the
 And scatter'd to amuse the crowd, 's object
 When former heroes were their care, 145
 T' exert at once their pow'r divine, 's to
 In thee, brave Chief! collected shine, And call
 So from each lovely blooming face, 's when
 Th' ambitious artist stole a grace, 's the
 When in one finish'd piece he strove, won 150
 To paint th' all-glorious Queen of Love, 's the
 Thy provident unbiass'd mind, 's the
 Knowing in arts of peace and war,

With indefatigable care,
 Labours the good of human-kind: 155
 Erect in dangers, modest in success,
 Corruption's everlasting bane,
 Where injur'd merit finds redress,
 And worthless villains wait in vain,
 Tho' fawning knaves besiege thy gate, 160
 And court the honest man they hate,
 Thy steady virtue charges through,
 Alike unerring to subdue,
 As when on Almanzara's plain the scatter'd squa- }
 drons flew. }
 Vain are th' attacks of force or art 165
 Where Caesar's arm defends a Cato's heart.
 Oh! could thy gen'rous soul dispense
 Thro' this unrighteous age its sacred influence;
 Could the base crowd from thy example learn
 To trample on their impious gifts with scorn, 170
 With shame confounded to behold
 A nation for a trifle sold,
 Dejected senates should no more
 Their champion's absence mourn,
 Contending boroughs should thy name return; 175
 Thy bold Philippics should restore
 Britannia's wealth, and pow'r, and fame,
 Nor liberty be deem'd an empty name,
 While tyrants trembled on a foreign shore.

No swelling titles, pomp, and state;
 The trappings of a magistrate,
 Can dignify a slave, or make a traitor great;
 For, careless of external show,
 Sage Nature dictates whom t'obey,
 And we the ready homage pay,
 Which to superior gifts we owe.
 Merit like thine repuls'd an empire gains,
 And virtue, though neglected, reigns.
 The wretch is indigent and poor,
 Who brooding sits o'er his ill-gotten store;
 Trembling with guilt, and haunted by his sin,
 He feels the rigid judge within:
 But they alone are bless'd who wisely know
 T' enjoy the little which the gods bestow;
 Proud of their glorious wants, disdain
 To barter honesty for gain;
 No other ill but shame they fear,
 And scorn to purchase life too dear;
 Profusely lavish of their blood,
 For their dear friends or country's good,
 If Britain conquer, can rejoice in death,
 And in triumphant shouts resign their breath.

Thy bold Philip's bound before
 Britannia's wealth, and power, and fame,
 Nor liberty he deem'd an empty name,
 While tyrants trampled on a foreign shore.

THE PERJURED MISTRESS.

FROM HORACE, EPOD. XV. AD NEERAM.

'T was night, and heav'n intent, with all its eyes
 Gaz'd on the dear deceitful maid;
 A thousand pretty things she said,
 A thousand artful tricks she play'd,
 From me, deluded me, her falsehood to disguise.

She clasp'd me in her soft encircling arms,
 She press'd her glowing cheek to mine;
 The clinging ivy or the curling vine
 Did never yet so closely twine;
 Who could be man and bear the lustre of her charms?

And thus she swore: "By all the pow'rs above,
 "When winter storms shall cease to roar,
 "When summer suns shall shine no more;
 "When wolves their cruelty give o'er,
 "Neera then, and not till then, shall cease to love."

Ah! false Neera! perjur'd fair! but know, 16
 I have a soul too great to bear
 A rival's proud insulting air;
 Another may be found as fair, [you.
 As fair, ungrateful Nymph! and far more just than

Shouldst thou repent, and at my feet be laid, 22
 Dejected, penitent, forlorn,
 And all thy former follies mourn,
 Thy proffer'd passion I would scorn:
 The gods shall do me right on that devoted head. 25

And you, spruce Sir! who insolently gay, A
 Exulting laugh at my disgrace, A
 Boast with vain airs, and stiff grimace, A
 Your large estate, your handsome face,
 Proud of a fleeting bliss, the pageant of a day: 30

You too shall soon repent this haughty scorn, A
 When, fickle as the sea or wind, A
 The prostitute shall change her mind, A
 To such another coxcomb kind;
 Then shall I clap my wings, and triumph in my turn. 33

TO A GENTLEMAN,

WHO MARRIED HIS CAST MISTRESS.

FROM HOR. LIB. III. ODE IX.

D. WHILE I was your's, and your's alone, A
 Proud, and transported with your charms, A
 I envy'd not the Persian throne, A
 But reign'd more glorious in your arms. A

B. While you were true, nor Suky fair 5
 Had chas'd poor Bruny from your breast,
 Not Hia could with me compare,
 So fam'd, or so divinely blest.

D. In Suky's arms entranc'd I lie, 10
 So sweetly sings the warbling fair!
 For whom most willingly I'd die,
 Would Fate the gentle Siren spare.

B. Me Billy burns with mutual fire, 15
 For whom I'd die, in whom I live,
 For whom each moment I'd expire,
 Might he, my better part, survive.

D. Should I once more my heart resign, 20
 Would you the penitent receive?
 Would Suky scorn'd atone my crime?
 And would my Bruny own her slave?

B. Tho' brighter he than blazing star, 25
 More fickle thou than wind or sea,
 With thee, my kind returning dear,
 I'd live, contented die with thee.

Such is the place where nature is so kind,
 And cooler reason may be wisely found;
 To rural shades let thy calm spirit retreat,
 There are thy Elysian fields; this is the happy seat.
 Brook against winter's cold and summer's heat.

A TRANSLAT. OF HOR. EPIST. X.

Horace recommends a country life, and dissuades his friend from ambition and avarice.

HEALTH to my friend, lost in the smoky town,
 From him who breathes in country air alone;
 In all things else thy soul and mine are one;
 And like two aged long-acquainted doves,
 The same our mutual hate, the same our mutual loves.
 Close and secure you keep your lazy nest,
 My wand'ring thoughts won't let my pinions rest:
 O'er rocks, seas, woods, I take my wanton flight;
 And each new object charms with new delight:
 To say no more, my friend! I live, and reign,
 Lord of myself; I've broke the servile chain,
 Shook off with scorn the trifles you desire,
 All the vain empty nothings sops admire:
 Thus the lean slave of some fat pamper'd priest,
 With greedy eyes at first views each luxurious feast,
 But, quickly cloy'd; now he no more can eat
 Their godly viands and their holy meat;
 Wisely ambitious to be free and poor;
 Hongs for the homely scraps he lent'd before.
 Seek'st thou a place where nature is observ'd,
 And cooler reason may be mildly heard;
 To rural shades let thy calm soul retreat,
 These are th' Elysian Fields, this is the happy seat,
 Proof against winter's cold and summer's heat.

Here no invidious care thy peace annoys,
 Sleep undisturb'd, uninterrupted joys;
 Your marble pavements with disgrace must yield
 To each smooth plain and gay enamell'd field;
 Your muddy aqueducts can ne'er compare
 With country streams, more pure than city air;
 Our yew and bays inclos'd in pots ye prize,
 And mimic little beauties we despise.
 The rose and woodbine marble walls support,
 Holly and ivy deck the gaudy court;
 But yet in vain all shifts the artist tries,
 The discontented twig but pines away and dies.
 The house ye praise that a large prospect yields,
 And view with longing eyes the pleasure of the fields;
 'Tis thus ye own, thus tacitly confess,
 Th' inimitable charms the peaceful country bless.
 In vain from Nature's rules we blindly stray,
 And push th' uneasy monitor away;
 Still she returns, nor lets our conscience rest,
 But night and day inculcates what is best,
 Our truest friend, tho' an unwelcome guest.
 As soon th' unskilful fool that's blind enough
 To call rich Indian damask Norwich stuff,
 Shall become rich by trade, as he be wise,
 Whose partial soul and undiscerning eyes
 Can't at first sight, and at each transient view,
 Distinguish good from bad, or false from true.

He that too high exalts his giddy head
 When Fortune smiles, if the jilt frowns is dead :
 Th' aspiring fool, big with his haughty beast,
 Is the most abject wretch when all his hopes are lost.
 Sit loose to all the world, nor aught admire,
 These worthless toys too fondly we desire;
 Since when the darling 's ravish'd from our heart,
 The pleasure 's overbalanc'd by the smart.
 Confine thy thoughts, and bound thy loose desires,
 For thrifty Nature no great cost requires;
 A healthful body, and thy mistress kind,
 An humble cot, and a more humble mind :
 These once enjoy'd, the world is all thy own,
 From thy poor cell despise the tott'ring throne,
 And wakeful monarchs in a bed of down.
 The stag well arm'd, and with unequal force,
 From fruitful meadows chas'd the conquer'd horse;
 The haughty beast that stomach'd the disgrace,
 In meaner pastures not content to graze,
 Receives the bit, and man's assistance prays.
 The conquest gain'd, and many trophies won,
 His false confed'rate still rode boldly on;
 In vain the beast curs'd his perfidious aid,
 He plung'd, he rear'd, but nothing could persuade
 The rider from his back, or bridle from his head.
 Just so the wretch that greedily aspires,
 Unable to content his wild desires,

Dreading the fatal thought of being poor,
 Loses a prize worth all his golden ore,
 The happy freedom he enjoy'd before,
 About him still th' uneasy load he bears,
 Spurr'd on with fruitless hopes and curb'd with anxious
 The man whose fortunes fit not to his mind [fears,
 The way to true content shall never find;
 If the shoe pinch, or if it prove too wide,
 In that he walks in pain, in this he treads aside,
 But you, my friend! in calm contentment live,
 Always well pleas'd with what the gods shall give;
 Let not base shining pelf thy mind deprave,
 Tyrant of fools, the wife man's drudge and slave;
 And me reprove if I shall crave for more,
 Or seem the least uneasy to be poor.
 Thus much I write, merry, and free from care,
 And nothing covet but thy presence here.

THE MISER'S SPEECH.

FROM HORACE, EPOD. II.

HAPPY the man who, free from care,
 Manures his own paternal fields,
 Content, as his forefathers were,
 T' enjoy the crop his labour yields.

Tij

Nor usury torments his breast,
 That barter happiness for gain;
 Nor war's alarms disturb his rest,
 Nor hazards of the faithless main:

Nor at the loud tumultuous bar,
 With costly noise, and dire debate,
 Proclaims an everlasting war;
 Nor fawns on villains basely great:

But for the vine selects a spouse,
 Chaste emblem of the marriage-bed,
 Or prunes the too luxuriant boughs,
 And grafts more happy in their stead:

Or hears the lowing herds from far,
 That fatten on the fruitful plains,
 And ponders with delightful care
 The prospect of his future gains;

Or sheers his sheep that round him graze,
 And droop beneath their curling loads;
 Or plunders his laborious bees
 Of balmy nectar, drink of gods!

His cheerful head when Autumn rears,
 And bending boughs reward his pains,
 Joyous he plucks the luscious pears,
 The purple grape his fingers stains.

Each honest heart 's a welcome guest;
 With tempting fruit his tables glow;
 The gods are bidden to the feast,
 To share the blessings they bestow.

Under an oak's protecting shade,
 In flow'ry meads profusely gay,
 Supine he leans his peaceful head,
 And gently loiters life away.

The vocal streams that murmur'ing flow,
 Or from their springs complaining creep,
 The birds that chirp on ev'ry bough
 Invite his yielding eyes to sleep.

But when bleak storms and low'ring Jove
 Now sadden the declining year,
 Thro' ev'ry thicket, ev'ry grove,
 Swift he pursues the flying deer.

With deep-hung hounds he sweeps the plains;
 The hills, the vallies, smoke around;
 The woods repeat his pleasing pains,
 And Echo propagates the sound.

Or, push'd by his victorious spear,
 The grisly boar before him flies;
 Betray'd by his prevailing fear
 Into the toils, the monster dies.

His tow'ring falcon mounts the skies,
 And cuts thro' clouds his liquid way;
 Or else with sly deceit he tries
 To make the lesser game his prey.

Who, thus possess'd of solid joy,
 Would Love, that idle imp, adore;
 Cloc's coquette, Myrilla's coy,
 And Phyllis is a perjur'd whore.

Adieu, fantastic idle flame!
 Give me a profitable wife,
 A careful but obliging dame,
 To soften all the toils of life.

Who shall with tender care provide
 Against her weary spouse return;
 With plenty see his board supply'd,
 And make the crackling billets burn.

And while his men and maids repair
 To fold his sheep, to milk his kine,
 With unbought dainties feast her dear,
 And treat him with domestic wine.

I view with pity and disdain
 The costly trifles coxcombs boast;
 Their Bourdeaux, Burgandy, Champaign,
 Tho' sparkling with the brightest toast.

Pleas'd with found manufacture more
Than all the stum the knives impose,
When the vain cully treats his whore
At Braun's, The Mitre, or The Rose.

Let fops their sickly palates please
With luxury's expensive store,
And feast each virulent disease
With dainties from a foreign shore;

I, whom my little farm supplies,
Richly on Nature's bounty live:
The only happy are the wife;
Content is all the gods can give.

While thus on wholesome cates I feast,
Oh! with what raptures I behold
My flocks in comely order haste
To enrich with soil the barren fold!

The languid ox approaches slow
To share the food his labours earn;
Painful he tugs th' inverted plough;
Nor hunger quickens his return.
My wanton swains, uncouthly gay,
About my smiling hearth delight,
To sweeten the laborious day
By many a merry tale at night.

Thus spoke old Gripe, when bottles three
Of Burton ale and sea-coal fire
Unlock'd his breast, resolv'd to be
A gen'rous, honest, country squire.

That very night his money lent
On bond or mortgage he call'd in;
With lawful use of six per cent;
Next morn he put it out at ten.

FROM MARTIAL. EPIC. XLVII.

Would you, my friend! find out the true receipt
To live at ease, and stem the tide of Fate,
The grand elixir thus you must infuse,
And these ingredients to be happy chuse.
First an estate, not got with toil and sweat,
But unincumber'd left, and free from debt;
For let that be your dull forefather's care,
To pinch and drudge for his deserving heir;
Fruitful and rich, in land that's sound and good,
That fills your barns with corn, your hearth with wood;
That cold nor hunger may your house infest,
While flames invade the skies, and pudding crowns
A quiet mind, serene, and free from care, [the feast.
Nor puzzling on the bench, nor noisy at the bar;
A body sound, that physic cannot mend;
And the best physic of the mind, a friend,

Equal in birth, in humour, and in place,
 Thy other self, distinguish'd but by face;
 Whose sympathetic soul takes equal share
 Of all thy pleasure and of all thy care. 20

A modest board, adorn'd with men of sense,
 No French ragouts, nor French impertinence.

A merry bottle to engender wit,
 Not over-dos'd, but *quantum sufficit*:

Equal the error is in each excess, 25
 Nor dainties less a sin than drunkenness.

A tender wife dissolving by thy side,
 Easy and chaste, free from debate and pride,

Each day a mistress, and each night a bride. }
 Sleep undisturb'd, and at the dawn of day. 30

The merry horn, that chides thy tedious stay;
 A horse that's clean, sure-footed, swift, and sound,

And dogs that make the echoing cliffs resound;
 That sweep the dewy plains, outfly the wind,

And leave domestic sorrows far behind: 35
 Pleas'd with thy present lot, nor grudging at the past,

Not fearing when thy time shall come, nor hoping
 for thy last. 37



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